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CORNWALL AND THE CASSITERIDES.*

THE LAND OF LAYS AND LEGENDS.

THE land of romance and legend, of wild and picturesque scenery, of ancient renown, and of mineral wealth almost inexhaustible, forms an interesting subject for typographical illustration and the embellishments, which are become the taste of the day. Here we have the relics of successive races of inhabitants, and memorials of a religious and sepulchral character for a long series of ages. Coins, evidently Grecian, as well as British and Roman; British and Roman antiquities, with traces of Danish and Saxon occupation; cromlêhs, monumental stones, written and unwritten; ruined castles,—among these Tintagel, the birth-place of King Arthur; we do not say the “reputed” birth-place, because we do not like to doubt that which has for so long been taken for truth;—the place, to quote Mr. Redding, where “the magic of the imagination recalls the actions of the potent Hero of the West, the magnificence of his court, the valour of his knights, the vision of his glory, and the triumph of his conquests.” Then we have the romantic Mount St. Michael, where “the great vision” of the Archangel sat, and consecrated the spot in the memory of the religious devotee; the grand Bolerium, the seat of tempests, pushing its granite front far into the Atlantic; and the Scilly Isles, the ancient Cassiterides, grey in the mist of distance; while, in another direction, the most southern land of England shoots its promontory of serpentine into the ocean, pointing out the first land of his native home to the returning mariner. Numerous have been the superstitions of the county, which are here recorded. Many districts had their consecrated wells, near to, or over which, a small oratory or chapel was built: to that, in time, miraculous virtues were attributed; the faith in them not being yet wholly extinct. Here are several of the most remarkable stone monuments in the empire; the Trevelty Stone, for example, supported on six imposts, and measuring sixteen feet long by ten broad and fourteen inches thick; and that of Lanyon, under which a man on horseback may ride. Here, too, is a supposed rock deity of the Druids, a single stone, weighing seven hundred and fifty tons. Nor are there wanting, it seems, those spots where gathering credibility of story, and tenacity of veneration by the lapse of time—

* An Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Cornwall. By Cyrus Redding. Royal 8vo. How and Parsons.

——— each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathes around
 Every shade and hallowed fountain,
 Murmuring deep a solemn sound.

One of the wells, called Dupath, with its granite chapel, is described with an illustration. "The walls and roof are of granite, the roof ribbed and groined with the same material. A spring of the purest water rises near the door, and is received in a stone vessel overgrown with briars." To this spring a legend of considerable interest attaches,—a legend of war and love.

"It was the site of a fierce combat, the scene of heroic enterprise and deeds of noble daring, for a lady's love. It is well some monument yet remains, replacing that which she, the disconsolate, raised to bear witness how nobly and how well her knight combatted in her behalf. It was at Dupath Spring that he met his rival, who was not the beloved of her for whom he came to challenge the mortal combat. He had not known her in that verdure of youth, when, if an attachment of the heart be formed, it hangs like the cherished dream of some lost delight upon the spirit, only to strengthen itself by recurrence, and to deepen the sadness of the recollection. Gotlieb was a Saxon, wealthy indeed, and sufficiently proud, while from his rank he was entitled to ask the daughter of the noblest baron in the land; but he was not qualified with the 'prevailing gentle art,' which is sovereign in winning the love of woman. Sir Colan had known the lady in her earlier years, but had presumed no farther than to be satisfied he was viewed with eyes of strong partiality. In possession of little wealth,—which circumstance was sufficient to render hopeless the consent of the father of his mistress,—after exchanging vows of constancy with her, he went abroad, for the purpose of seeking both fortune and reputation, through the perils and hazards of war, according to the custom of the time. Sir Colan obtained both fortune and reputation, returning home full of hope in the smile of her whom he loved better than life. On his arrival, he was informed that the hand of his beloved mistress had been solicited of her father by Gotlieb, and that it had not been refused, although the maiden expressed her repugnance to the marriage. There was only the alternative of challenging his adversary to prove his right, according to ancient practice; and this alternative was embraced by Sir Colan with joy. The time was fixed, the place of the combat was appointed near Dupath Spring, far from the eyes of the multitude; for few were those permitted by the consent of the combatants to be present. The contest was fierce and long; for both were skilful in the use of arms. Sir Colan received the first wound, which rather seemed to inspire than discourage him. As if nerved with fresh energy, he pressed his adversary so vigorously that he inflicted upon him a severe wound, and by a second effort drove his sword between the joints of his armour, and slew him on the spot. He was not himself unscathed; his wound soon rankled, and the more from his impatience to make his mistress his own before the altar. This impatience retarded that which a more enduring disposition might have secured. Day by day his danger increased. At last he was informed that death must soon be upon him. They solicited him to

send for an ecclesiastic without delay to shrive his soul, and urged him to forget earth in the prospect before him of soon ceasing to be a partaker in the hopes or disappointments of the living. The wounded knight smiled, but made no other reply than that which has been so beautifully embodied in verse:—

‘ “Bring me,” he said, “the steel I wore
When Dupath’s spring was dark with gore,
The spear I raised for Githa’s glove,
Those trophies of my wars and love.’

‘ Upright he sate within his bed,
The helm on his unyielding head;
Sternly he leaned upon his spear—
He knew his passing hour was near.

‘ “Githa, thine hand!” How wild that cry!
How fiercely glared his vacant eye!
“Sound, Herald!” was his shout of pride—
“Hear how the noble Siward died!”’

So runs one of the little episodes in the present volume.

This work is beautifully and profusely embellished with engravings, both in wood and copper, and contains a great deal of matter, exceedingly interesting, connected with one of the most remarkable of our territorial divisions. Characterized by many peculiarities, the most prominent of which is its richness in metallic productions, Cornwall is not less singular for being a part of the British Islands exclusively known to the nations of remote antiquity—to the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Massilians—centuries before the imperial purple decorated the conqueror of Gaul, and first invader of the shores of England. The proofs of this do not rest upon the idle dreams of antiquaries, such as those by which the Irish connect themselves with Moses, the Pharaohs, and the dynasties of Egypt; nor do they repose upon tradition—the random source of much more falsehood than truth—but upon the unshaken basis of historical testimony. The tin of Tyre, mentioned in the Bible, came from the Cassiterides, or, as the Carthaginians denominated them, the *Æstryminian Islands*, north of Gallicia in Spain. The Phœnicians traded to the Cassiterides for tin, probably a rare metal in those times; but they kept their route to the place where they obtained it a secret, as is found from Herodotus, who, four hundred years before Christ, though he speaks of the trade, could not describe the place where the tin was found; but a fragment of the voyage of Hamilcar the Carthaginian, five centuries before the Christian era, gives an account of his visit to the Cassiterides occupying four months. The Phœnicians’ trade for tin was carried on, it would appear, from the colonies of that nation in Spain, particularly from Gades,—now Cadiz—whence it was taken to the various marts of the Phœnicians in the Mediterranean, before the Carthaginians became carriers for their parent nation. The Greeks seem to have acquired a knowledge of the Cassiterides about two centuries before Christ; for Polybius expresses his intention of writing upon the mode of obtaining and preparing tin there. The abundance of this metal in Cornwall, and its rarity elsewhere, except in the Indian Islands off Sumatra,—the circumstance of

passing the Straits of Hercules, or Gibraltar, and finding the tin in islands north of Spain,—at once removes any doubt as to the locality. If any existed, Diodorus Siculus sets the question at rest by the particulars he gives of the intercourse with those islands in his time, which, though subsequent to the Phœnician period of trade, is illustrative of the locality prior to the Christian era, after which Strabo and Pliny may be consulted.

The Massilians trafficked overland to the coast opposite Cornwall long before the Christian era, and obtaining tin in exchange for merchandize, carried it back, occupying thirty days in the journey. Diodorus gives many particulars of the intercourse. The tin was taken to a place accessible only at low water, clearly pointing out Mount's Bay, or rather St. Michael's Mount. It was smelted for sale in the form of cubes, some of which, perfectly answering the ancient description, have been found in the county, and are still preserved. The Cassiterides, or Scilly Isles, which were first visited by the ancients for this metal, are so near the main land of Cornwall that it is visible, and there only was tin to be met with in quantities sufficient for the purposes of commerce.

Thus much for the trade ;—but this is not all—the inhabitants are described as wearing long black coats which reached to their ancles, as having girdles about their waists, and as carrying long staffs. Diodorus characterizes them as much civilized ; they were religious, courteous, and hospitable,—arising no doubt from their commercial intercourse for so long a period with the southern nations, more particularly the Phœnician colonies. Their navigation was performed in boats covered with skins, of which class of vessels traces still exist in the coracles used in some parts of Wales. The goods exchanged for tin with the ships of the South were various ; among them were pottery and iron implements of various kinds ; for although the richest ores of iron abound in Cornwall, the inhabitants did not seem to possess the art of working it. This is corroborated by repeated discoveries of tools in old tin works, fabricated of horn or hard wood, where iron would seem indispensable, and if known would have been adopted.

The tin produced out of Cornwall, in other parts of the ancient world, except in the islands in the East Indies, is comparatively inconsiderable. Traces of the metal are said to be found in Spain, but not to be worth working. The productive character of Cornwall in tin exclusively is astonishing, since from a thousand years before Christ, to this hour, it has supplied most of Europe ; and we find from a very recent account, that the quantity raised in 1838, was an increase of 10,000 blocks over that raised in 1780, being 19,022 and 29,321 respectively, the annual value of the return being 390,000*l*. That of copper, a metal of comparatively recent discovery, or having been neglected until about a century and half ago, is now valued annually at 910,000*l*. Lead, which the Romans exported from Cornwall, is raised principally for its richness in silver, some of the ores having been known to yield a hundred ounces of silver to the ton of lead. Not more than three mines appear to have been worked exclusively for silver, and these did not turn out very profitable. Gold, it appears, is found native in the stream tin works, in the form of minute grains,

but only in small quantities. The mineral and metallic substances are innumerable; but the strata being principally those of the older or primary formation, no coal exists in the county. The rocks for the most part are granite, porphyry, serpentine, and slate.

To natural peculiarities the applications of art are not wanting—the most stupendous steam-engines ever made are constructed and employed here. A hundred of the engines belonging to the factories of Lancashire do not equal in power a couple of those used in Cornwall. The pumping rods of some go down 1,740 feet perpendicular, or a third of a mile, into the bowels of the earth, lifting every stroke of the pumps a clear weight of thirty-eight tons! Some in twenty-four hours pump up 43,500 hogsheads of water out of a single mine from a depth of 1,600 feet. The works of one mine extend sixty-three miles underground, and the single parish of Gwenap is said to have produced more wealth from the earth than any other spot of equal surface in the Old World. For more particulars of this extraordinary mineral district, as far as the mines are concerned, we must refer the reader to the work itself,—we will only add that the Norway timber used in these mines averages a growth of 120 years, and would require 140 square miles of forest; the annual consumption has been above 140,000 trees.

There is a very succinct account of the fisheries given in this volume, particularly of the pilchard, from which we learn that in some years no less than 180,000,000 have been taken,—an astonishing proof of the fecundity of the inhabitants of the ocean.

The climate is represented as remarkably genial, and the soil dry; for although heavy rains fall in the winter, the water is quickly carried to the ocean, from the hilly nature of the country. Delicate plants, which require the green-house in other parts of England, flourish here in the open air. In the vales the fertility of the soil is extraordinary, but the higher grounds are barren to a large extent, owing to the fury of the Atlantic winds. Two crops of some kinds of agricultural produce are raised in the year. Barley is sown and reaped in eight or nine weeks, giving sixty and seventy bushels to the acre. Between fifty and sixty bushels of wheat have been raised on the acre in Mount's Bay; and near Penzance 1,000 acres of land let for 10,000*l.* a-year. The fertile parts of the county are distributed in patches, though the southern side bordering upon the sea is generally very productive land, and in excellent cultivation. The high central ridge throughout the county is rocky, barren, and covered with brown heather—in most places a picture of complete desolation.

The reader must have recourse to the work itself for numerous other topics connected with this county. Among its other peculiarities, it was, until the commencement of the eighteenth century, in possession of a language of its own, which appears to have differed somewhat after the introduction of the Saxons into England, and is therefore separated into the ancient and modern Cornish. Though a dialect of the Celtic much softer than the Welsh, its resemblance to that language is so remote that Welshmen cannot understand the extant Cornish MSS. in the Bodleian Library. It bore a closer affinity with the Armorican or Bretagne tongue, which, indeed, seems to have been

derived from the Western British who peopled that province of France. The old Cornish has many Latin words, but few or none of Saxon derivation.* The last person who could speak in Cornish was named William Bodener, living on the shore of Mount's Bay; he died in 1794.

The Cornish is remarkable for several "miracle plays" still extant in that tongue; the more recent is entitled the "Creation and the Deluge," written in 1611 by William Jordan. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford, are two MSS. in Cornish;—one Jordan's, written upon paper; and another upon parchment; the last containing three interludes,—“The Creation,” the “Holy Passion,” and “the Resurrection.” These, with another entitled “Mount Calvary,” very ancient, were translated by Mr. Keigwin about 1680, but unfortunately the translations, except those of Jordan's MS. and “Mount Calvary,” are lost. A translation of a small portion of “The Creation” has been preserved by Borlase—it is supposed to be of the date of the reign of Richard III. The “Mount Calvary” is probably much older, as not a single Saxon word is found throughout, but many of Latin; nor could those who spoke the language of the county in 1680, read the older dialect,—a proof of its being of a date anterior to the corruptions of the Cornish by the interpolation of Saxon words. In the “Mount Calvary” there is no allusion to monastic orders, nor to the old bards. Christ is always “Chrest,” as more anciently spelled, all savouring of remoter antiquity. The Bishops, too, are treated with little ceremony. The piece called “The Creation” occupies the whole of time to the erection of Solomon's Temple; and though the diction is excellent, the plot sets all dramatic rule at defiance, as well as the order of dates. A Christian Bishop is set over the Temple of Solomon, and estates well known by similar names in Cornwall now, are divided as wages among the workmen. During the building of the temple, “The Martyrdom of Maximilla,” a legend, is introduced; in which proceeding, a Bishop, crozier-bearer, four torturers, a messenger, Maximilla, Gebel, and Amelek are actors; and the Bishop rewards the torturers with three Cornish estates. Solomon dismisses the audience *in propria personâ*.

“The Creation,” by Jordan, is a work of less merit than “Mount Calvary;” but in that we have the stage directions, which are curious; God the Father is to appear, then Lucifer, and Angels belonging to both. At one part it is directed that “Hell should gape.” Adam and Eve are in another “to come on in white leather.” Paradise is to be represented with “fruits, flowers, a fountain, and tree.” A serpent is introduced with “a virgin's head and yellow hair.” The stage manager seems to have been designated as the “Conveyer.” These plays were performed in what are now called “Rounds,” being regular amphitheatres of turf or stone, called in Cornish *Plaen an Guare*. Several

* The Lord's Prayer runs thus in each dialect; they may easily be compared with the Welsh, by any reader curious on the subject.

Ancient Cornish. “An Taz ny es yn nêf, bethens thy hannow ugbelles, gwrenz doz thy gulasker, bethen thy voth gwreiz yn oar kepare hag yn nêf.”

Modern ditto. “Agan Taz leb ez en nêv, benigas beth do hanno gurra de gulas keth deoz, de voth beth gwreiz en oar pokar en nêv.”

of these are still in tolerable preservation ; the steps or seats are generally seven in number. The whole circle at the bottom was, no doubt, occupied by the actors ; and an excavation in the ground, running up on one side until it breaks the continuity of the steps or seats, seems to have been the place where the stage machinery was organized.

Jordan's play begins by God's declaring his intention of creating the world. Lucifer addresses the Angels, vaunting his power ; and these, faithful to their duty, rebuke him. The Father appears and chides the rebel, who replies, and vents his rancour against man, whom the Maker is about to create. Michael is commanded to expel him from Heaven, and a fight ensues. Lucifer expelled, terminates the first act. The second begins with man's creation ; Lucifer tempts Eve, and she her husband. Adam sins, because if he does not he shall lose the love of Eve. The serpent disgorges Lucifer, who had entered into it, and he is sent to hell. Death appears in the third act ; and Cain and Abel are born. Cain's parents curse him. Mr. Redding has turned some portion of this part into measure. Cain answers his parents—

—— I am enough accursed,
There is no need that you should curse me more ;
I cannot bear what you have dealt to me,
And my own mother, too, from her whole heart.
I will fly far from hence before I rest !
So thick the curses heaped upon my head,
I doubt if earth hath e'er a dwelling for me !

In the fourth act Cain and Adam die ; the former, slain by Lamech, is borne away by devils. This passage runs in metre.

Cain. I am deformed ; covered with hair :
I've lived continually now burned with heat,
Now chilled with hoary frost ; ay, day and night !
The sons of men I never will'd to see ;
For beasts were my companions ! 'Twas that I
Kill'd the churl Abel made my suffering.

Lamech. And wherefore didst thou kill him ?
He was thy brother ! 'Twas a wicked deed !

Cain. He did control me. I was born before him ;
Yet he ne'er revered me before the world.
Enraged, I suddenly did slay my brother ;
Nor sorrow bear I for it : but the curses !
The curse of God, of mother and of sire ;
These are upon me for that act alone !
My heart is proud as ever. Though close by
Death stands, I will not ask forgiveness,
Doubting of mercy for my bygone deeds.
I know that God, relentless, will not pardon.
Oh, I am dying ! I'll not forgive e'en thee.
My soul turns hellward to its natural dwelling,
Winter and Summer tide there to inhabit ! (Dies.)

Adam sends Seth to Paradise, where the future is revealed to him, and he returns and relates it to Adam, soon after which the last dies, and the devils come to take him ; but Lucifer forbids them, Adam being ordered to rest in Limbo. Two pillars are erected, and books put into them, we presume the antediluvian history. The ark is now built, and the Scripture account closely imitated, until, the flood being over,

some "good church songs" are sung, and the whole concludes with an appropriate epilogue, which invites the spectators for the next day, and finishes by desiring the music to play up.

The traces of a connection at some period with the natives of the South of Europe may be inferred from many local names. The custom of calling old people "uncle" and "aunt," is, in England, we believe, peculiar to Cornwall, but is observed in the South of Spain; and many words and names of persons and things seem derived from foreign intercourse.

The scenery is described as naked, wild, often magnificent,—some of the bays are very beautiful. The coast along the northern side, where the hero of romance for all time is said to have been born, is bleak, craggy, and grand, beyond conception. The beautiful harbours on the south shore, and every spot endeared by legendary lore, are noted down. There are the most perfect tables at the conclusion which we ever saw attached to a county work, particularly those relative to the church, the poor law unions, and the population. The engravings on copper, from drawings by Creswick, are in that artist's best style, and the wood illustrations, of which there are about a hundred and fifty, exhibit some pleasing and very picturesque scenes.

We have only room to add that in Cornwall, in all probability, live in obscurity on the banks of the Tamar, as boat or fishermen, the last of the descendants of the Emperors of the West, the sovereigns of Byzantium,—such is the melancholy termination of human grandeur! The church of Landulph stands in a pretty and secluded spot, two or three miles above Saltash; and in that parish is an old house called Clyfton yet remaining, once inhabited by him to whom in the church is the following inscription:—

"Here lieth the body of Theodore Paleologus, of Pesaro, in Italy, descended from the imperial line of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the son of Prosper, the son of Theodore, the son of John, the son of Thomas, second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the eighth of that name, and last of the line that reigned in Constantinople, till subdued by the Turks, who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadley, in Suffolk, Gent., and had issue five children, Theodore, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy. He departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of January, 1636."

"The history of two sons of this descendant from one, of whom Mahomet II. declared, he 'had found many slaves in Peloponnesus, but no *man* save him,' is unknown; but Dorothy, the younger daughter, was married, at Landulph, to William Arundell, in 1636, and died in 1681. Mary, who died unmarried, was buried in the same church in 1674. About twenty years ago, the vault in which Paleologus was interred was accidentally opened; and curiosity prompted the lifting of the lid. The coffin was entire, made of oak. The body was sufficiently perfect to show that the dead man exceeded the common stature. The head was a long oval, and the nose believed to have been aquiline. A long white beard reached low down the breast. Theodore, the elder son of Paleologus, was a sailor; and died on board the *Charles II.*, as is proved by his will, dated 1693. He appears to have possessed landed property, and to have left a

widow named Martha. The marriage of Theodore's sister, already mentioned, is entered in the register, '*Dorothea Paleologus de Stirpe Imperatorum.*' In Landulph, then, it is probable, rest the last survivors of a great dynasty, descended from the race of Comneni, the sovereigns of Byzantium."

With this extract we must close, feeling tempted to quote numerous portions of the volume had we room, particularly some of the interesting stories connected with particular localities. The writer seems to have been constrained for space arising out of the copiousness of his subject, which is to be lamented. For the table of the drawing-room, and for communicating to young persons, in particular, a knowledge of their native land, county by county, we have as yet had no work so well adapted as this—the portion of a more extended design. The engravings and typography are indeed splendid.

A RUSTIC WALK AND DINNER.*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

PART II.—THE DINNER.

BLESSINGS be thine, and a less hard old sofa,
Thou poor apartment, rich in pleasant memories,
Old-fashioned inn-room! may no insincere
Heart enter thee, nor any sigh remember,
Except for tenderness; and may thy lambs,
And shepherd and shepherdess, in pink and green,
Pointing their toes out (a French golden age),
Perk on thy too tall mantel-piece for ever.

O rester of the tired, welcome's embracer,
Promptest apparitor of meal on table,
Encloser of sweet after-dinner talk,
Loud mostly, sometimes low, then sweeter far,
O nest, antipodean to all ceremony,
For that alone can we, and do we, enter thee
With bows at heart, and blest tormenting boots,
And with a sigh of bliss, *flop* in thy chairs.

Reader. Truly, a high apostrophe, and deserved!
Your room, it must be owned, is the "right thing;"
A snug one to ourselves, and not too good,
Nor yet a sordid. Good old spacious chairs;
Two tables, one a circular, turning up;
Item, a casement, honeysuckled; item,
Two dimity curtains, large enough to make
One good one; mantel-piece aforesaid, hardly
Too broad; item, a crack'd looking-glass,
For ladies to adjust their curls in; portraits

* Concluded from page 240.

Of Wellington and Nelson, cherry-lipped ;
And then a bell-pull, with an egg-like handle,
Easy as wishing.

Author.

Thou art fit to have been
Truth's auctioneer, or Gerard Douw's.

Here enters,

Not a male waiter,—nor the landlady,
Who sits below, in the full bloom of fifty,
Filling the tap-room window,—but a niece,
With grave, good face (may no one make it graver),
And asks “our pleasures.” Now our pleasures are,
Not a beef-steak, (as our last Canto's line
Might have prefigured,) but, the month being June,
A lamb chop and a salad, with cold tart
Of gooseberry (youngest fruit-cry of the year,
Bringing the little boys about their mothers),
And such good drink as pewter makes still better,—
Liquidest freshness become solid bliss,—
Pure quench, and heart's ease, and swill'd bosom-joy,
Follow'd with a king's “Hah !” Whales, gasping southward,
And coming on a fairy sea of *malt*,
Would gulf it in, and count it Fishes' Paradise.

Lo ! the white table-cloth—lo ! knives and forks—
Lo ! glasses—lo ! the salt—lo ! thick square “breads”—
Lo ! plates for two—lo ! covers—lo ! the salad—
Lo ! table drawn to the open window—lo !
Two chairs drawn too—lo ! prospect out and in ;—
Lo ! we.

The door is shut ; the fresh malt coming.
Now sticketh fork in flesh, and the chops vanish :—
Now, by the gods ! we speak not for five seconds ;—
Now meat is hot, and the crisp salad cold
And it's in basins ;—deep ;—we fork it up,
Like haycocks ; and the first attempted words
Are mums and mutterings, stifled in the bliss ;
Beautiful, ill-bred smotherments of munch.

The clear good utterance at length leaps forth ;—
“Fine !”

“Is not this the thing ?”

“The right one.”

“Hah !—

Nothing like hunger, ease, and an inn-room.
But you *eat nothing*.”

“Oh !—excuse me there ;

’Tis *you* eat nothing.”

“Pardon me ;—you *lie*.”

Thus banter we, with laughter and loud joy,
And extreme words (from sense of the reverse),

Tabular common places ; then expatiate
 On the good fare, the prospect, homestead, hayfield,
 The pretty waiter ; and this brings up Horace,
 An author made to sip of, half for love
 And half for custom ; whom we soon displace
 For hearty draughts out of Theocritus,
 Th' Elizabethan men, and the old jovial
 Hero (for he himself's a hero) Homer,—
 Carver of men and gods, and chines, and verses.
 Then stop we with a sigh, and wonder whether
 Carving of men must still remain thus admirable :
 On which we give a glance at our own deeds,—
 Carvings of lambs ; and wonder how it is,
 That man must thus both relish and regret,
 Kill and commiserate ; love the glad weak thing,
 So child-like, in the meadow,—and then eat him !
 But death is short, say we, and his life sweet,
 Mere novelty and joy, paid with one pang ;
 And evil must be shared ; and good's so common,
 We think less of it for its being "a drug."
 Men eat good breakfasts, have good days, good nights,
 Good homes ; and yet, as if they were too good,
 Must vary them with spleen and fault-finding ;—
 So that all evil's not so *very* evil,
 Nor one ten thousandth part o' the good acknowledged.

Meanwhile, 'tis otherwise with the gooseberry tart,
 Acknowledged "excellent ;"—also the old cheese,
 The right rich crumble, betwixt dry and moist ;—
 Also the final drink ;—we say not what ;—
 Choose what you please ;—only the wine at inns,
 Especially these inns, (best in all else,
 And comfortable as slippers,) is not apt
 To be Johannisberg, or suit wise stomachs.
 What signifies ? We pull another chair to us,
 Each for our legs, (a third supplies an elbow,
 If your own has none,) and with open window,
 And talk, and sip, and biscuit-munch, and laugh,
 Are happy as princes. 'Tis a simile
 Off-hand and hearty, therefore most appropriate ;
 Though where, poor devils ! any two such princes
 (Save near a certain nursery at Windsor)
 Are to be found, escaped from the dread load
 Of nations at their backs, God only knows.

Now think of any dinner of "formal cut,"
 Compared with this,—of footmen at your backs,
 Strange to your talk, and solemn during mirth ;—
 Of endless indigestions coming round,
 Brought you by serving flesh, that must not touch
 Dish without glove ;—of speaking a free mind

With men you never saw ;—whose names perhaps
 You have not heard ; and whom you may wound horribly
 With hopes you love, hateful to party ears !
 My friend and I, at “ ease ” here in our “ inn,”
 Would as lief sit in a gilt pillory,
 Or stocks, or undergo a moderate
 Cherokee torture amid scalps and jeers,
 As change it for such mockery of free joy.
 Not that full many a host, forced to dispense
 His pleasures thus, is not a right good soul,
 Witty withal, and worthy of eggs and bacon ;
 But such prosperity hath a slavery in it,
 Making extremes meet vilely, and compelling
 Comfort to make such *shew* of being comfortable,
 That silence might as well proclaim itself
 With flourishes of trumpets, or sleep dance.

Author. How very pleasant is this open window !

Reader. Yes, 'tis like out-of-doors visiting in-doors :
 The universe salutes our little room,
 And we hold both in sovereignty. Besides,
 The prospect there resembles what we've conquer'd,
 Our morning's walk ; we've play'd our outer well,
 And earn'd our *innings*.

Author. Hail, Paranomasia !
 Humanest Punning ! every body's pow'r !
 Common as laughter ; nor more evil deem'd
 By wisest lips, from Homer to Charles Lamb.
 “ One touch of *punning* makes the whole world kin.”

Reader. *Vide* the punster who wrote Lear and Hamlet !
 But punning may be tiresome.

Author. Yes, and laughter ;
 And any thing ill-timed, or over done.
 These *chops* had tired our *own*, had they been twenty.

Here we tell stories, anecdotes,—love friends,
 Are kind to foes (too happy to find fault),
 Say and enjoy, in short, a million things,
 Meant here to be set down, but better fancied
 For want of time. Let all good Readers fancy
 All the good things they ever said and loved
 With after-dinner souls, *and those are they*.

A PROGRESS THROUGH THE CITIES OF THE LOIRE AND THE SEINE.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

(*Concluded from page 254.*)

THE Sunday following that alluded to being another fête day, the church had further doings at Tours ; but on this occasion the evening was the time, and the procession made what is called a *Reposoire* in the Place d'Aumont, where, at the end of the shaded promenade, a raised canopy of pure white covered an altar, on which were abundance of gewgaws and wax candles. From the front of this altar a benediction was pronounced on the people, who, including the military guard, dropped simultaneously on their knees. The scene was sufficiently striking ; but, truth to say, we were not near enough to hear one word that was spoken. The music, however, both vocal and instrumental, made a fine impression in the situation selected for the performance. When the host was being removed from the altar, there were, as usual, quite a covey of little children and infants placed under the canopy, and a middle-aged woman threw herself prostrate on the ground so that the host might pass over her. We fear the Grand Vicar's reflections must have been more of earth than his appearance indicated, for it required close attention and careful stepping to avoid treading on the little brats, who, to do them justice, coiled themselves into small bulk, and kept their places quietly on the ground.

We were greatly disappointed with the contents of the Musée, and the Picture Gallery is execrable. The old pictures are bad copies ; and, in one or two instances, damaged and worthless productions by third-class masters. The amateurs of Tours repose in the comfortable conviction that the assemblage contains two works by Rubens ; but these are so scoured in some parts, and badly repaired in others, that no one skilled in the touch and drawing of that illustrious master can detect either in the canvasses alluded to. The modern pictures are very much in keeping with the others. Two by Le Comte De Forben—"The Ruins of Palmira," and "Ruins in Upper Egypt during the Inundation of the Nile"—are, from their false colouring and feeble execution, as well as from their great size and position at either end of the room, rendered conspicuously offensive. Indeed, the modern pictures at the Musée are, without exception, illustrations of all the worst qualities of the French School as it now exists. However unaccountable it may appear, greater ignorance prevails in Tours of the power and value of this art, than in many smaller towns in France, the inhabitants of which may be of inferior repute for intelligence and refinement.

The only private collections in Tours belong to two English residents—Colonel Gore and Mr. Smith. That of the former being removed in summer to the proprietor's country residence, we had not an opportunity of seeing it. Mr. Smith's collection is limited in extent, but includes pictures of great interest and value ;—they were brought

together by Mr. Smith's maternal great-grandfather; and were, for upwards of a century, known as ornaments to the family residence of Brockley Hill, in Middlesex. The first in the collection that claims attention, is a picture in the best manner of Murillo, and not less than six feet by five in size. The subject is two somewhat ragged-looking boys,—one lying on the ground opening muscles with a knife, while the other stands beside him holding a red herring in his hand, which he appears to offer to his companion in barter. In the drawing—in the rich colouring which is subdued by its harmony—and by the expression of the characters—it reminded us of the "Beggar Boys" by the same master. The shadows are in broad masses, while the lights are judiciously concentrated; and, in addition to all these qualities, the condition of the picture is so perfect, that we have rarely met with a more desirable specimen of the master.

A Rocky Landscape, by Salvator Rosa, with the subject of Latona well introduced, and an admirable marine peep of deep perspective on the left side of the picture, form an example of this master, in his wild and poetic vein, which leaves nothing to wish for. The variety of tints in the great rocks, forming a large portion of the foreground, would prove a profitable study for an artist; for they are so artistically arranged as to produce an effect extremely true to nature. The execution throughout is firm and spirited; while it, at the same time, evinces a greater regard to finish than is usually to be found in the works of this great and original painter. There is a "Portrait of J. Sharpe, Esq.,"—the grand-uncle of Mr. Smith,—by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been more than once engraved. At this moment we cannot recall to mind a portrait in which are more fully developed the powers of this bright ornament of the English School of Painting. In many respects it reminds us of the portraits of Titian. The flesh colours have an extraordinary appearance of reality, as has the expression of the countenance. The hands, too, are fine, while the execution throughout equals in transparency and force the handling of Rembrandt. The transparency of the colouring affords evidence, too, that it had been painted before Sir Joshua became speculative in the use of his *matériel*. There is another English picture of great interest. It is a "Family Group," including the subject of Sir Joshua's portrait alluded to, and eight or ten other figures; and the painter is Hogarth. In colouring, as well as finish, it surpasses most of Hogarth's works—while the grouping is well managed, and the countenances are full of life and of individual character. Mr. Smith has other fine portraits by Zuccherò and others—of "Mary Queen of Scotland"—her son "James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England," and other members of the Stuart family; and by Sir Peter Lely. There is also a racy sketch by Rubens of the "Meeting of Jacob and Esau." We regret, however, that we cannot particularize them all. It afforded us much pleasure to inspect a collection which embraced such pictures as we have alluded to; and we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that they will again find their way back to England in Mr. Smith's possession and in safety.

When an English gentleman, or one having his outward appearance and bearing, arrives at Tours, he has it in his power, according to the

etiquette of the place, to call for any of the inhabitants whose acquaintance he is desirous of making. His visit is soon returned, and it then lies with either of the parties whether their meeting shall lead to a visiting acquaintance, ending perhaps in friendship. So loose a barrier to the precincts of society must not a little astound those whose ideas of prudence are solely founded on the usages of domestic life in England. Nor can we give the system our approval. An artful man may long conduct himself in a manner perfectly *comme il faut*, as a means of ingratiating himself with those whose good opinion he thinks it advantageous for him to possess; and an unprincipled adventurer may thus find himself privileged by so easy and familiar an intercourse with a family, as to put it in his power to injure its peace or interrupt its happiness. A safeguard against one source of danger may exist in the fact, that fortunes have fallen to the lot of few of the English young ladies at Tours; and it would appear, too, as if the facilities of ingress afforded to strangers, create a certain feeling of distrust which may often lead to inquiries, before an overgrown intimacy has ripened into affection. Still, danger and distrust would be avoided by changing a system of intercourse, the occasional bad consequences of which have been sufficiently conspicuous. From what we learned, however, from those who have been half a lifetime in Tours, these evil results are curiously rare; while, as far as our own observation went, it becomes us well to state that, in its tone of morality, and as regards the hospitalities and *agrémens* of life, the English society at Tours is not surpassed by that of any town of similar extent in France. A large portion of those who constitute it are families of respectability, brought there either to economize—for living and education are still greatly cheaper than in England—or for the benefit of the climate. Except the Subscription Concerts, and the occasional opening of the theatre by a company of Comedians, or for the Opera, there are no public amusements. But then the succession of evening parties, and *soirées dansantes*, during the winter, is incessant. The French portion of society is unusually wealthy and refined at Tours; and we think their really good class is of easier access to the English than in some other towns; although the increasing dislike of the lower orders towards our countrymen is there, as in most other parts of France, obvious through the transparent drapery of a spurious politeness. We only took one letter to Tours—for all we wished was access to society without being drawn into its vortex—and fortunately it was to an English lady, whose graceful deportment and admirable qualities of mind gave her influence to make our introduction lead to hospitality and kindness, from her limited but most desirable circle of acquaintances. The French ladies seldom walk out. But once a-week during summer a military band plays in the evening, when quite a brilliant turn-out takes place on "The Mall,"—a fine promenade on the old ramparts of the south side of the town; and there is, immediately below, a walk shaded with trees for those who may prefer it. Indeed, there are many very charming walks and drives all about Tours; and that by the Mall alluded to, making a turn through the *Rue des Acacias*, when its trees are in full flower and fragrance, and round by the river side, is always agreeable and of ready access.

Few of the many drives in the neighbourhood of the town possess more attraction for a summer day than that to Luyin, especially if the thermometer be at 95° in the shade, as on the occasion of our going; for the greater part of the way lies along the Levée, by the side of the Loire, from which, even when there is not sufficient wind to stir its waters, the air comes in refreshing coolness.

The Castle of Luyin appears to be of great antiquity; and, judging from what remains of it, as well as from its position, must have been an important stronghold. But now, in a dilapidated state, it is occupied by the farmer who cultivates the adjoining land, partly as his dwelling-house, while some of the rooms are used as stores for his crop. The little chapel of the château, too, at a short distance from it, is in the same condition; one end of it was full of casks and wine vats, the other was filled to the roof with straw.

There are cut in the rock on which the Castle is built, many subterraneous dwellings, some of which are still tenanted. At what period these first existed, none of the present occupants seemed ever to have conjectured; but it would have been an easy method for a feudal baron to keep his inferior dependents within call. We entered one or two of the caves, which we found whitewashed and decently furnished. The people looked healthy; and one old dame jocosely assured us that her residence was *tout au fait parfait*—for that in winter no cold could come through its walls, while in summer it was always cool.

The view from the upper windows of the Castle is, of its character, nowhere to be surpassed. The eye embraces a broad champaign, finely wooded, and increased in beauty by occasional glimpses of the river sparkling in the sun. The distant country so rises as to complete a panoramic view of extreme loveliness; while the salubrity of the climate and the fruitfulness of the soil has secured for this district the appellation, *par excellence*, of "The Garden of France."

The chief attraction however, at Luyin, are the ruins of the Roman Aqueduct, about a mile north from the village. We have already alluded to the remains of the Roman buildings to be met with in Anjou; and in Touraine they are also numerous. In the city of Tours there are, besides the walls, a beautiful small chapel, with parts of other buildings, which constituted the Roman town of Cezar de Nomme. The aqueduct at Luyin had been constructed for the purpose of conveying water from a reservoir across a ravine; but whether, as is supposed, to some building on the site of the present Castle, appears to be uncertain. Six or eight of the arches are, more or less, entire, and about forty of the supporters still remain, and appear to have suffered little from the hand of time. One or two of them have fallen from the perpendicular, depending on their neighbours for support; and certainly the impression produced by the whole, extending as it does in a line of not less than a thousand feet, is imposing from its origin, as well as from its antiquity and extent.

The river scenery between Tours and Blois, though remarkable for its beauty, is not so varied and picturesque as that on other parts of the Loire. But islands and pretty villages are constantly coming in view, and the Castles of Ambois and Chaumont are both fine objects

in passing. The former is of much historical interest, and the latter has been repaired and greatly improved by Louis Philippe, its present proprietor. During our residence at Tours, the river fell very considerably; and now the steam-boat, which, though a hundred feet in length, only drew eleven inches of water, frequently touched the ground. On approaching Blois it becomes narrower and of greater depth, although, at this part of the sail, the vine-clad banks of the river are somewhat monotonous in their appearance. Ere long, however, the city of Blois appears, deriving from its position with the château, and its many spires, an appearance of importance greater than its actual size entitles it to.

Blois is built upon several small hills; and the streets leading to the higher parts of the town are so perpendicular, that they are not only impassable for vehicles, but have been causewayed in the form of steps, to facilitate the ascent of pedestrians. The Grande Rue is a handsome street, and there are one or two others deserving that description, and the shops of every kind are excellent. But, alas! for the antiquarian, most of the curious old houses have been replaced by modern ones, or have been so much altered as to change their character. And it is only by poking about that a few are still discoverable in the Rue de Lubin, and some others in that locality. We were indebted to an English resident for drawing our attention to a house of the fourteenth century, which was the residence of Flormont Robertez, Superintendant of Finance to Louis the Twelfth. It is a fine illustration of the style of that epoch, and is in good preservation. Though not observed from the court-yard of this house, there is another almost adjoining it. It is only seen by going through a house in the Grande Rue, behind which it is situated. It is in the finest style of Francis the First, and was, during the residence of that monarch in Blois, the dwelling of Dupont, his most celebrated jurisconsult. The Salle de Spectacle is commodious, and is situated in the Place de Marché, one of the several handsome squares of the town. The ponderous Cathedral does little honour to the reputed genius of Mansard, for it is devoid of merit. But the portals of the Church of St. Nicholas (of the ninth century) are fine, as is the whole of the interior of that church. Its effect is, however, considerably marred by the tawdry furnishings, with bad pictures and modern prints of the worst description. The Church of the Jesuits is also greatly admired. And there is an old church, on the opposite side of the river, which exhibits a curious variety of styles—amongst which we could trace, with others less definable, those of the ninth and thirteenth centuries. But the whole forms an inharmonious conjunction.

The chief object of interest at Blois is its magnificent Castle. In its architecture is discernible five different characters—part of the structure having been built by the ancient Counts of Blois, from which family it came into the hands of the French Kings. The fronts to the East and South were built during the reign of Louis the Twelfth; that of the North, with its noble staircase, was erected by Francis the First. The subjects of the ornaments of that part of the Castle built by Louis, though executed with admirable skill, are, in many instances, so utterly indecent, as to stagger us in our acceptance of the historical

records of the reserved demeanour and pure moral character of Anne of Bretagne. The interior is now occupied by the military; and as we entered the Salle des Etats, we found the recruits engaged with their fencing lessons. In this same hall the States General repeatedly met, during the reign of Henry the Third. And it is said, too, that here the bodies of the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, were burned, on the day following their assassination. The Duke was murdered in an apartment in that part of the building on the opposite side of the court-yard, and the spot is still pointed out to the visiter, as is the apartment into which the murdered Prince was dragged; and where Henry the Third, contemplating the work which had its origin in himself, is said to have given vent to a hypocritical ejaculation, in reference to the greatness of the mind which had recently animated the lifeless clay before him. The apartments of the hateful Catherine de Medicis are also shown, adjoining one of which is said to have existed a deep space, crossed at intervals with sharp steel blades. The interior of the apartment presented two doors, precisely similar in appearance; and when it was her wish to dispose of any one whose existence endangered her reputation or thwarted her wishes, after a bland reception, the she-devil gave him egress by that fatal door-way, a single step into which was irretraceable. Indeed, almost every part of this stupendous Castle has borne witness to scenes of stirring interest, if not of appalling horror; and although the interior is now much changed and dismantled, we more than once felt our blood chill as we paced its gloomy and mysterious looking chambers.

From the Observatory of Catherine, one of the highest points of the Castle, is seen a prospect of extraordinary extent and beauty—including Chambord on the one hand and the towers of Chaumont on the other.

The society of Blois is greatly changed in its character since the old times when the residence of the Court brought thither the flower of the nobility. It is still, however, said to be refined; and the inhabitants boast that their language and pronunciation are even more perfect than those current at Paris. A few years ago there was an English settlement here of at least two hundred persons; but we were informed that our countrymen were brought into disrepute by one or two *mauvais sujets* of their number taking leave without paying their debts; and now, including all ages, there are not above thirty English in the town.

The morning we left Blois was not of promising appearance; and the rain beginning to fall before we were long on board the steam-boat, forced us to keep below during a considerable part of the day. We passed many châteaux and villages, and the country on both sides occasionally opened into a wide expanse. But there are here few, if any, of those pretty islands which are constantly occurring between Angers and Tours; and the river had become so shallow, as repeatedly to present large sand-banks, and rendering necessary constant care to prevent our little steamer running aground. After passing the point at which it is joined by the Loirette, about five miles below Orleans, it was only by keeping close in by the deepest side of the river that we reached that city without any very lengthened interruption. Those who wish to see the Loire in perfection, should not visit it later

than the beginning of the month of May; for although always charming, towards the end of July the change in its appearance and character is very great.

Orleans—containing 42,000 inhabitants—is, according to our thinking, more remarkable for its extent than for its beauty. It has many fine streets, certainly, amongst which the Rue Royale is particularly conspicuous; and its Cathedral is of itself a sufficient attraction. But he will be disappointed, who visits Orleans expecting either the picturesque beauties or historical attractions met with in the other cities of the Loire. The principal elevation of the Cathedral is of great extent, and imposing in its effect; and nothing can exceed the beauty of its details; but internally it does not possess much grandeur. The other churches are poor, and many of them unoccupied and going to ruin. That of Saint Euverte is internally of very superior design to the Great Cathedral;—but it was despoiled during the Revolution, and is now used as a store-house for fire-wood. We made a survey of all the curious old houses in the town, including that of Agnes Sorel in the Rue de Tabourg; but, coming after what we had recently seen, they all, with the exception of that specially alluded to, proved deficient in interest. The Marie is a fine building; and the Palais de Justice, in the Grecian style of architecture, is a structure of great merit. We visited the Musée, but could not see the old pictures in consequence of an exhibition of the works of living artists, which embraced those of some of the most talented in France. The most attractive was the portrait of Rachel the Actress by Champentier, which we had seen at the Exposition at Paris in the spring of 1840. We do not intend to enter into a critique of the pictures individually; but we may remark that in going round the room, we found our attention much less attracted by the resemblance to nature of the scenes depicted, than by their similarity in touch and character to the different ancient masters, who, in their misdirected studies at the Louvre, each painter had more or less slavishly adopted as his model.

There are very few English residents at Orleans, and we had no opportunity of judging of the state of society. We understood, however, that it is a gay place during the season for visiting; and when we were there, the Opera, with a fair Englishwoman for its *prima donna*, and a capital *Cirque Olympique*, were both in full force.

For some miles after leaving Orleans, on the road to Paris by Fontainebleau, the vine is cultivated; but shortly after passing Pethivier, we came upon that fine grain district which is designated the "Granary of France." The wheat crops were certainly very luxuriant; but our fellow passengers in the Diligence, who were all French, could not persuade us to admit that we had none so rich in England. The same character of country continued till we approached the forests of Fontainebleau, which are of great extent, and through which we passed for several miles. On nearing Fontainebleau are angular hills, which seem to be composed of immense rocks, which have the appearance of having been thrown up by a volcano. Our fellow travellers drew our attention to these, and to some of the old trees we passed, so exultingly, that we were compelled to make them open their mouths in wonder at our account of some of the mountain scenery of

Scotland, and of the old wood at the great English seats. We dined at Fontainebleau, where there were two parties who had come from Paris to see the château; and who, judging from their appearance and the style of their carriages and servants, were of a better order of people than one generally meets in such places. We were never more struck, however, with the large and varied eating of the French ladies. Great eating in men is unseemly; but what we saw on this occasion led us to the determination that, if ever we gave a French woman the right to call us husband, we would have it "nominated in the bond" that she should confine herself to English feeding—although we would be deficient in candour if we did not admit a wish to retain to ourselves the full scope and benefit of the French *cuisine*.

The road from Fontainebleau to Corbeil is partly through the forests, and a fine undulating country is afterwards traversed. We did the distance in two hours and a half, and were not ill pleased soon to find ourselves on the *Chemin de Fer*, which carried us to Paris in an hour—generally by the side of the Seine—the country rising on each side of which is of varied and extraordinary beauty.

We trust the reader has formed a sufficiently just notion of our plan, to prevent him for a moment supposing that we have the slightest idea of inflicting upon him a description of the public buildings and every-day sights of Paris,—which has been frequently, and in two instances admirably, done by others. Still, however, in a large city, and more especially in the French capital, there are constant changes, and always something new to be observed by those in search of novelty; and rather than carry the reader through institutions and scenes which all have either seen or read of, we shall confine our observations to what has not been noticed elsewhere.

It appears but as yesterday that our attention was drawn to the resolution of the French Chambers to fortify Paris; and the Press of Europe was eighteen months ago loud in their condemnation of a proposal which indicated warlike feelings; and that at a time when declarations of peaceful intentions were being exchanged by the sovereigns of every kingdom within its limits. These fortifications are certainly an object of interest, and we therefore took an early opportunity of proceeding to the Bois de Boulogne, where, little more than half a mile beyond the Barrière d'Etoile, the work alluded to is in a more advanced state than at any of the other points at which it has been commenced. The wall is about 30 feet in height, with a small mound of earth raised above it. The stone for its erection is cut from the space forming the fosses, which are of considerable breadth, and are to be filled with water from the Seine, and from the source which supplies the great canal. The walls are backed by a broad mound of stone and earth, also taken from the ditch; and from these facilities the work has proceeded with more rapidity than we anticipated; for at this point there is about a mile and a half in a state near to completion. To the unskilful eye of a civilian, this defence has a sufficiently formidable appearance; although its probable utility in the present state of military tactics is still much disputed by military men. Nothing is more certain, however, than that the work-people of France must be employed, to keep them out of mischief; and if this necessary

object can be accomplished in a way to flatter the national vanity of the unreflecting portion of those who have to pay for it, the method will be the more popular. What amount of debt France has incurred within the last ten years, we have no means of ascertaining; but it must be enormous;—for with a view of employing the people, the public purse is lavishly used in restoring and beautifying the fine ancient monuments with which the country abounds—not to mention the outlay at the unoccupied palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau; and public works of every description are proceeding all over France. From what we could learn, the *Garde Municipale* is all powerful in Paris; and if the inhabitants attempt a rising without their approval, the fortifications now erecting will, at all events, prevent the people getting reinforcements from the provinces—in which case they will be easily controlled. As, however, the *Garde Municipale* is composed of individuals who have an interest more or less in the preservation of order, howsoever such a state of matters is to be deplored, it is perhaps, under existing circumstances, the best for all classes of the people. We sincerely hope, however, that these fortifications will never prove more than a temporary employment to those who require it, and an ornament to the city.

Through revolutions and monarchical changes *la Mode* has kept her supreme sway in the *Salons* of Paris. The variableness of her laws may perchance, in “*La belle France*,” have conduced to the continuance of her power; but, at all events, there is no disputing the fact, that, while Louis Philippe on the throne is thwarted by contending parties, and opposed in his wishes by intrigue and ambition, Fashion holds on her course, which she varies at her sovereign, though somewhat capricious will.

Louis Philippe was himself “the lion” for a few months after the “three glorious days,” when he used to walk the Boulevards alone, with his hands in his breeches’ pockets, endeavouring to look as if he hadn’t a steel fence under his waistcoat, while Mademoiselle Rachel engrossed the *coteries* for at least thirty days! But these, as well as the succession of persons and events, which in Paris singly and for the time possessed the public eye, have had their passing hour; and at the present day he who attracts the fashionable world is M. L’Abbé de Revignon, the popular preacher at the church of St. Roche.

This eloquent and talented man has more the appearance of a Spaniard than a Frenchman. His complexion is dark, his nose strait and slightly drooping, his mouth compressed and of classical form, while his eye is full of intelligence and animation; and as for his ample forehead, we would defy the phrenologists to discover an objection to it. His short, black hair is kept quite off his face. His voice is not powerful, but it possesses great harmony. His gestures are appropriate and effective, while his figures and illustrations are graphic and poetical, without the slightest appearance of any *ad captandum* attempt to startle by their peculiarity.

The centre of the church is filled with the *élite* of Paris, on any special occasion; and when the preacher commences, in a low, but distinct tone, a dead silence prevails. If, however, he dwells long in explaining a point which to him appears all important, in connection

with what is to follow, the ladies' fans are one by one unfurled, their *chevaliers attendantes* embrace the opportunity to "do the gracious," while here and there a *tête-à-tête* assumes the appearance of a quiet flirtation. Presently, however, the voice of the Abbé is raised, and carrying his audience along by his powerful and varying eloquence,—at one time rousing their fears, at another touching the most sensitive of their heart-strings,—the fans are lowered, men and women stand arrested and motionless, and handkerchiefs, well laced and redolent of *Patchuli* are raised to wipe the tear from some of the handsomest faces in the gay capital. It would be out of our way to speculate upon the amount of good effected by the Abbé de Revignon's eloquence; and we think it will be sufficiently liberal to assume that the moral and religious benefit arising from it to his audience keeps pace with their contributions at his charity sermons in the magnificent church of St. Roche,—for they are said to be of large amount.

The scene which takes place after the service, at the door, baffles description. Gentlemen in search of their servants, footmen and gay chasseurs bawling to their coachmen, pedestrians screaming, and occasionally upset, in their determination to cross the Rue St. Honoré,—while any attempt by the church officers, in their showy uniforms, to restore quietness, is as ineffectual as that of the police at the doors of our Italian Opera on the occasion of a benefit night.

The bequeathment of the Standish Gallery to the French King by its late English proprietor, was recently the subject of animadversion by the press. Assuredly Mr. Standish could scarcely have given Louis Philippe a stronger proof of his gratitude, or the French nation of his respect, than the bequeathment of his collection of pictures, embracing as it does fine specimens of the different Old Schools, and a rare assemblage of that of Spain. There are in all about one hundred and fifty; but these, with the drawings and etchings, number nearly six hundred, and occupy three apartments at the Louvre.

On entering the rooms, the first which drew our attention was two fine specimens of D. Teniers,—Nos. 63 and 65 of the printed Catalogue—the former the Interior of a Guardhouse, the other, his favourite subject, a Party playing at Tric-trac. The latter is in the silvery manner of the master; and, as regards expression, execution, and transparency, may rank as one of his first-class pictures. The finest Landscape in the collection is, according to our judgment, that by P. P. Rubens, and numbered 53. It is in size about three feet by two feet four inches, on panel. The subject a broad country, finely kept in the perspective. In the middle distance, on the right, is part of a picturesque village, with a very noble group of trees; to the left a piece of water, with part of a bridge, and trees of surpassing beauty and great truth to nature. In the fore-ground a shepherd is piping to his flock. The composition is superb; the execution of the picture broad, but masterly; and in colour it is rich and verdant; while the scene is altogether so full of life as almost to appear in motion before the spectator. There is another example of this master—No. 54 of the Catalogue. It is "Hero crowned by Victory." The rich and transparent colouring, powerful drawing, and admirable *impasto* of this finished sketch, exhibit the best qualities of the great painter.

There are some fine specimens of the Spanish School. One by Murillo, upright in form, and not more than twelve by fifteen inches in size, is not likely to be passed unnoticed by the connoisseur. The figure of the Virgin is beautiful and dignified, while the Cherubs around her really appear to float in air. The finishing is in the very careful manner which this master generally practised in his small pictures. The composition is pleasing and graceful, and the colouring is extremely harmonious. In short, it is one of Murillo's gems. There is another Spanish picture, No. 153, in the same room, by Velasques, which conveys a very elevated impression of his powers. The subject is "The Angels appearing to the Shepherds." The shepherds have been asleep under the covering of a rock, and some of their flocks are beside them. One man, seeing the Cherubs descending, looks up in an attitude of wonder, with his hand raised. Another, seemingly just awoke, tries to collect his thoughts; while the third, who is in a reclining posture, with his head pillowed by his hands on the rock, still sleeps profoundly. The figures are of noble design, and full of simplicity and grace. The subject is powerfully expressed, and the execution and colouring faultless. The lights and shadows are broad and effective. The latter, in some parts, have become somewhat too deep, which, however, is to be attributed to the *matériel* used by the Spanish School at its best period. But fortunately, in this instance, although too dark, the shadows continue clear and transparent. The finest of two pictures by Richard Wilson is No. 242. On the right is a fine group of trees, to the left a piece of water, with a bridge and some cottages backed by trees, while two fishermen are landing their nets from a boat. The scene forms one of those deep, flat landscapes, in which Wilson excelled. The composition is very skilful; the execution remarkable for its solidity; and the colouring is in the subdued manner of the master. This picture does credit to the English School of Painting, and might afford many a precious lesson to the French student. No. 159, by Villegas, is a fine specimen of this painter. It is on panel; the subject a Holy Family; and both in respect of propriety of design and the dignity of the individual characters, as well as its mechanical merits and true colouring, it is a work of great talent. The Watteau of the collection is the finest specimen of the master we have had the fortune to meet with, and which, we think, comes up to the reputation his name has acquired. The subject is a Masquerading Party, with a back-ground of trees, and what appears to be part of a fountain. The drawing is graceful and correct; the execution is free, but more careful than that of the much lauded specimen in the Musée; while the colouring, as is usual in pictures by Watteau, is deliciously rich and harmonious. Our inclination would lead us to notice other pictures; but we must not allow our admiration of the Standish Collection to carry us beyond our limits. It embraces many rare specimens of art, and, with few exceptions, they are in excellent preservation. The drawings and etchings would be considered fine any where except in Paris. In the Louvre there is a collection of original drawings, part of which England might have possessed for what would have been a trifling sum to the nation,

although no amount of money could now procure such an assemblage for our National Gallery.

We paid more than one visit to the Great Gallery of the Louvre. The pictures there never appeared to greater advantage; for during the recent Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists, those requiring it have had the surface varnish renewed; and the collection altogether, although including many copies, as well as valueless originals, yet rises in our estimation, especially the Dutch and Flemish portions of it. Its contents, however, have been long familiar to the English public. No one goes to Paris without paying repeated visits to the Gallery; for even without knowledge of, or a taste for, the art, there is always something there to amuse; and on a wet day it forms a most agreeable promenade.

It has become a matter of course for those who have seen the Musée, to enlarge upon the splendour of the Chief Gallery. For ourselves, however, we must take the liberty of dissenting from the generally received opinion of it. If great length, and ornament, and gilding, constitute grandeur, then does this apartment merit its usual description; but if proportion and appropriateness are required to produce perfection in architecture, its merits have been greatly overrated. We are not without the hope of seeing a Gallery for our national collection more worthy of England than that which now fills the finest site in the metropolis. And therefore it is that we wish to have the public mind disabused of what we humbly consider its false impression in regard to the Great Gallery of the Louvre. Deeply as we regret the erection of our present National Gallery, we affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that as far as regards showing works of art, it is very superior to the Louvre, where the greatest portion of the pictures have to contend against the deteriorating effect of cross lights.

Although the reputation of Madame Le Normande, the French sorceress, may almost be said to be of European extent, and her name must have reached the ear of many of our readers, it may nevertheless be proper, before detailing our visit to this singular person, to state that she is the self-same Frenchwoman whom the Emperor Napoleon is universally believed in France to have more than once consulted in regard to his destinies. At all events, it is past a doubt that Madame Le Normande was imprisoned by order of Napoleon for predicting the failure of the Russian expedition; and that she has, during the last half century, been receiving, professionally, the visits of large numbers of the various grades of the French *noblesse*, as well as those of other nations, distinguished both for station and intelligence.

This singular woman became the subject of conversation one evening between ourselves and an English lady resident in Paris, which led to a confidential confession on the part of our fair friend, that she had, a year before, applied to Madame Le Normande to know what would be the result of certain hopes and fears. She admitted that it was her intention again to visit the temple of the fortune-teller, and obligingly granted permission that we should accompany her as an escort. We rejoiced at so convenient an opportunity of gratifying our wish to see and converse with a being who had so long availed herself of the

power to cajole—not the ignorant alone—but many of those considered wise amongst a people certainly far advanced both in intelligence and refinement. We accordingly, two days thereafter, put ourselves into a *citadine*, and proceeded forthwith to the mystic temple.

The residence of Madame Le Normande is in the Rue de Cournon, Faubourg St. Germain, an unostentatious part of the most aristocratic *Quartier* in Paris. Like most other Parisian houses, Madame Le Normande's is approached by a porch leading to a quadrangular court-yard—the side fronting the entrance being her abode, which is simply notified by her name; and if you go not by special appointment of that lady, you are shown into a room amongst the other applicants for knowledge. On looking into this apartment we saw not less than fifteen ladies and gentlemen waiting their turn, with almost as much anxiety depicted on some of their faces as characterizes the appearance of the patients at the morning levee of an eminent London physician. Notwithstanding a very plain attempt to bribe a preference, we were informed that it was impossible for us to see Madame Le Normande for several hours; and having stipulated that we were to have our interview the following morning at ten, we returned accordingly; but arriving only a few minutes after the hour appointed, we were put into the room already alluded to, with the assurance, however, that we would be the first received on the departure of a lady who was then with Madame. One woman who appeared to be a little on the sunniest side of thirty, evidently of humble station, but neatly dressed in the French spring costume of a white muslin gown and black shawl, happened to be seated next us, and partly *pour passer le temps*, or perhaps from her having an expression of sadness, we led her into conversation, and in ten minutes had her little history. Drawing the conversation to Madame Le Normande, we endeavoured to ascertain the extent of confidence our neighbour placed in her. She informed us that she had formerly consulted Madame, and that she returned to her with unqualified confidence. "Had I," she said, "taken Madame's advice four years ago, it might have been well with me now." Adolphe had then pressed her to marry; but, being considered thoughtless, her mother was prejudiced against him. She consulted Madame Le Normande, who advised her to receive the addresses of her admirer. She hesitated; and one night, after a lover's quarrel, he joined the army for three years, and returned from service "an altered man," to offer a withered heart at its first shrine. She again applied to Madame, who now strongly dissuaded her from the marriage, on account of the dissolute habits which the young man had fallen into; but it was her fate (*destiné!*) she said, so she went with him to church. Matters proceeded smoothly for a time, but soon he came to view in his altered character. From neglect he became insulting, and she was at last left to work for herself at lace-making or starve. Six weeks before the date of our interview, however, the *mauvais garçon* had taken the liberty to abscond altogether in consequence of some scrape he had got into; and she said she just wanted Madame's advice as to whether he would return—if she ought to take service—and generally what she should do—for she seemed to have no very definite object in her visit. She again and

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again repeated that she was *tout au fait fâché* ; and upon our trying to joke upon the propriety of a divorce and a better husband—although there was something very like a tear in her eye—she reminded us, with that *naïve* expression which is so peculiarly French, that unhappily in France no such law existed. We explained to her that we manage these matters better in merry England, where a lady with a tolerable cause may get quit of her husband for £15 of expenses—not to mention the free roll for those who have not so much of the needful. She shrugged her shoulders and sighed. Poor thing ! she seemed strongly under the impression that her having refused Adolphe when he first proposed to her, was the cause both of his ruin, and of her own misery. The assemblage consisted of persons of different ages—the majority of the middle, and three or four evidently of the upper class of society. One venerable-looking old gentleman, accompanied by a little boy—probably his grandson—particularly interested us. Him we accosted, but had not got beyond some general remarks on the weather, when the door opened, and the servant, motioning us to follow him, ushered us into the presence of the sorceress.

Madame Le Normande has the appearance of great age. She cannot have seen less than eighty-five years ; and she is so corpulent as to unfit her, we should think, for walking exercise. Indeed, she is never seen from home except in her carriage. Her head being enveloped in a turban, her swelled countenance presented a most unmeaning expression, and her large and solitary tooth protrudes so much over her lip as to render her appearance far from prepossessing. Acknowledging our entrance by a slight inclination of the head, she motioned us to be seated ; and as she proceeded with the business of our meeting, gradually awoke from her apparent lethargy, and exhibited an aspect of considerable intelligence. She wore a loose cloth robe, and certainly there was nothing observable in the style of the apartment which indicated the slightest attempt at effect. We were seated at some distance from our lady companion, so as not to overhear her questions and confessions ; and having an excellent opportunity of studying Madame Le Normande's looks and movements, we could perceive that she ever and anon threw at us glances so searching that we began to feel uncomfortable, under the impression that she meditated telling us our future prospects whether we wished it or not. As to what she predicted for our companion—without presuming to inquire the subject of it—we were informed that part of what Madame had told her was correct, and that the rest might turn out to be so ; and her words had not been without effect upon the fair consulter. The language and accent of Madame Le Normande is that of the middle class of Parisians. She seemed gratified by our allusions to her widely spread fame—to her State imprisonment—and to a book which she had published about two years before. A hundred francs is a very moderate fee for her to receive, and when she gets into the secrets of parties, she is said to make extensive depredations on their purses. She told us that the English, although not the most numerous, are, with the exception of the Russians, her best paying customers. She is supposed to have amassed a large fortune.

The extent of knowledge which this woman possesses of French

families and even private individuals, is said to be very extensive ; and she never forgets a face she has once seen professionally. She has the means, too, of getting information about foreigners and their connections, which cannot be accounted for ; and in two most important cases in the Scotch courts of law, connected with a dormant peerage, the public was recently made aware of her bringing law deeds to light which had been lost sight of for centuries. And although the genuineness of these documents has not always been admitted, the evidence in the instances alluded to, proved the extensive and varied information possessed by this woman,—while the widely spread, expensive, and intricate machinery employed by her for the purpose of procuring them, gave evidence of a mind of no ordinary calibre.

Upon our rising to depart, she demanded whether we were serious in not wishing to know anything of the future ; and when assured that we had not that wish in the smallest degree, she said, " Pardon me, but you English are a droll people ! I have rarely known two Englishmen come together to consult me ; and I am certain that those who come alone would not for the world that it should be known they had done so silly a thing. And those English ladies who come in their private carriage, leave it in one of the adjoining streets, and slip in here with as much caution as if they were intent upon an act of moral impropriety. Ah !" she exclaimed, "*vous retournerez certainement ;*" but Madame was at fault in this prediction ; and if we know ourselves, it is not likely to be fulfilled.

Madame Le Normande was not in some respects the person we expected to find her, but we nevertheless felt gratified by our interview with a being so deeply read in the weaknesses of human nature. She is, besides a being by herself, for there is no counterpart to Madame Le Normande in Europe.

The church of the Madeleine is finished since we were in Paris two years previously ; and notwithstanding the glaring colours of the *frescos*, and the superabundance of gilding, it is unquestionably a fine specimen of what may be most appropriately termed the Roman style of architecture. The Artesian well, too, is now sending up, from a depth of 1790 feet, a constant flow of water nine inches in diameter—somewhat heated, and standing not a little in need of one of Robins's patent filters to make it fit for use. A splendid fountain is about to be erected for this celebrated spring. The Chamber of Deputies has been renovated externally ; magnificent fountains have been erected in the Place de Concorde, and in the Champs Elysées, where many new Cafés on a large scale have arisen. And certainly, as one stands on the Place de Concorde—surrounded by the Tuileries and its gardens—the Champs Elysées—the public offices at the end of the Rue Rivoli—the Chamber of Deputies—with the splendid statues in the *Place*—and the Obelisk—and the gorgeous fountains—the whole scene presented is, of its kind, one of unequalled grandeur and beauty. We failed not as formerly to take our accustomed walks and drives through and around the city, which, as a place of residence, has certainly many fascinations. A gay life in London is one of dissipation, but it is not necessarily so in Paris, where a man may go to two or three *soirées* of an evening, and be in bed before the hour at which it would be correct

to exhibit himself at a fashionable party in London. The public amusements, too, are various and interminable. As the French themselves say, there is in their gay city "*beaucoup des distractions*;" and wherever the time-killer wends his way, he is certain to meet with something to amuse, if not to interest and instruct him.

We left Paris in the morning at half-past six, by the diligence, for Maison-Lafitte, where we joined the steamer on the Seine, and in this way we avoided the tedious turnings on the intervening part of the river, besides adding variety to the journey to Rouen. During the voyage the scenery, always fine, is, for the most part, of remarkable beauty. At Conflans the Oise joins the Seine, causing an apparent increase in its size. Poissey, with its fine bridge—Mantes, with its splendid church of Nôtre Dame—the Castles of La Roche-Guyon and Gaillard—the town of Pont de l'Arche and its picturesque old bridge—and Elbeuf, are the most important places which come successively in sight during the sail to Rouen. Larger and more powerful steam-boats than those formerly on this part of the river, have recently been substituted. Better accommodation and some additional speed the traveller certainly attains by the change; but on the occasion we allude to, our boat was detained for nearly three hours by a lighter having run aground in the deepest part of the river, where the steamer could alone pass.—Fifteen or twenty horses were collected, and in the end a clear passage was made for us; but owing to this accident—not, we understand, of very rare occurrence—we did not get to the hotel at Rouen till near midnight. The weather was, however, remarkably fine; and as the river presented during the day many beautiful views and pretty islands, and its banks were covered with villages and villas, we could not but be charmed with our little voyage.

The city of Rouen has been often described, and is familiar to the Continental traveller, and generally to the English reader. Yet it is not a place to be visited without its historical importance and fine architectural antiquities presenting fresh interest and creating new ideas in regard to them. On the evening of our arrival the moon was bright and clear; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and our own fatigue, we could not resist the inducement it afforded of viewing the Cathedral by its light; and assuredly we were well repaid for our exertion. There is an effect not easily described produced by the moonlight on a great Gothic church, for the shadows fall with striking distinctness, while the tone of colour which it produces, and the effect upon the general outline of the building, give the whole a very solemn aspect. We longed for a peep of the interior, but that was not to be accomplished at such an hour, and we therefore made our way to the Hotel Rouen, where, after eight hours of sound sleep, we returned to make another survey. To the Cathedral we went first, for it was in our way. Its principal elevation is of noble design and extent, and the interior is also fine. Standing immediately in front of the altar, having the transepts on either side, with their superb windows, and the nave beyond, the impression created is very appropriate. The interior of St. Ouan is of beautiful proportions, and in perfect preservation. It reminded us of the Cathedral at Tours, which in some respects it surpasses. But it is deficient in that religious sentiment which Gothic

architecture has the power of producing, and which constitutes its superiority for ecclesiastical structures. In our judgment, the comparatively small church of St. Maclou approaches nearer to perfection than either the great Cathedral or the church of St. Ouan. From whatever point you look at the exterior of this building, you have presented to you an elevation complete in itself; and the sentiment conveyed by the interior is mysterious and solemn. Mr. Russell, in his admirable *German Tour*, expresses the opinion that "the Gothic in small is only fit for gingerbread;" and this is, moreover, a generally received opinion. But we think the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, goes far to prove that great extent is not indispensable to success in Gothic ecclesiastical structures. The Palais de Justice is a fine example of the fourteenth century, and is now undergoing a complete repair. Those who are curious in ancient edifices, will find within a court in the Place Jeanne d'Arc (who, if we were to credit the statues we have lately seen of her, must have been of hideous appearance,) the Hotel Baurgtheroude. The bas reliefs with which it is decorated are nowhere to be surpassed. They are five in number, and represent the interview between Francis the First and Henry the Eighth. There are other curious old houses at Rouen; and the ancient city gate, near the centre of the town, as it at present stands, is one of the finest we have ever seen. The figures in bas relief, with which it is ornamented, are nearly as large as life, and of great merit. The Hotel de Ville, the Royal College, and the Bourse, are all fine buildings. Except on the quay, Rouen has still the appearance of an old French city; but there are few situations in the town which we could fix upon as desirable for a residence. Indeed, the principal inhabitants, who are for the most part merchants, occupy villas in the neighbourhood. An excellent view of the surrounding country is obtained from the top of the Cathedral. It forms quite a panorama, for the ground invariably rises at the same distance around the town. From the situation of Rouen, it must be important as a place of trade, although to the eye of an Englishman appearances do not convey that impression.

There is no lack of water in the Seine at Rouen; so that the steam-boat which was to convey us to Havre was both large and powerful. There were many passengers; and while an awning kept off the scorching sun, there was on board a tolerably good brass band, to enliven the scene. We do think that full justice has never been rendered to the beauties of the river between Rouen and Havre. Until arriving at La Mailleraye, the river widens, as well as the country on either side of its banks, which is terminated by hills of considerable height. The scene at Aisier, too, is remarkably fine. The river forms quite a lake; the hills around rising to an equal height. Further on the river still widens and increases in beauty; and where Lillebonne and Quilleboeuf appear on the right and left, the prospect becomes one of surpassing splendour. At Tankerville there is a wide expanse of water, and in front the distance is too great to be definable. Honfleur, situated in a lovely valley, and Harfleur, in a pretty bay, opposite to each other, are also fine objects of view. Although we only notice a few of the more important towns, many of which possess historical interest, we passed, during the sail to Havre, several fine old châteaux, and a suc-

cession of picturesque little towns and villages, on the banks of the Seine; and having now sailed down that river three several times, we have at present an increased estimate of its attractions, which is, perhaps, the greatest compliment we can pay it.

When we arrived at the Quay at Havre, we were informed that the steamer for Southampton would sail in half an hour; and that those who wished to take a passage in her, had only sufficient time to get their passports *viséed* and put their luggage on board. We hesitated. But having formerly seen the little worth seeing at Havre, we did not hesitate long. Forthwith we found ourselves scudding across the Channel, and early next morning again put our foot on the shore of Old England; more than ever satisfied that for an Englishman in health it was the most suitable country in Europe.

Of the courteous reader who has given us his escort, we know not how appropriately to take leave. Possibly, however, we may meet again; and in the mean time we will bask in the hope that if on any future occasion he may encounter our lucubrations, he will not be less likely to peruse them should they profess to emanate from the Author of "A PROGRESS THROUGH THE CITIES OF THE LOIRE AND THE SEINE."

THE WISDOM-SEEKERS.

"Rouse man to a consciousness of what he *is*, and he will soon be what he *ought*."
SCHELLING.

PALE Man glances upwards
From Life's fitful sleep,
But sees nought above him
Save a star-lighted Deep.
Pale Man glances round him
O'er valleys and hills,
Yet no answering spirit
His yearning soul fills.

Then Man glances inwards;
Light-consciousness steals—
And in its faint glimpses
A new world reveals!
Then Man looks around him;
The Earth and the Sky
To him then have meaning
Beneath mystery!

His heart leaps within him,
For he feels he is one
With the Universe round him,
Here throbs not *alone*!
Thus the Inward acts Outward,
And Man can be wise
But by seeking the Spirit
That in him womb'd lies.

G. H. L.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET ELUCIDATED.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW.

VERY general is the impression that the character of Hamlet is involved in a mystery so profound as to be beyond the reach of human comprehension. Against this fallacy we protest; and inasmuch as this character has, ever since its declaration, been by all classes felt to be true, we insist it has been comprehended from the first—for he who feels a truth has interpreted it, and certainly understands what he may not have the ability to demonstrate.

Then, undertaking the explanation of the supposed enigma, no apology is offered for presumption, because no more is attempted than millions have already accomplished; and if some great and learned men have failed to do that we now intend to fulfil, may not too much study have unfitted their minds for a task which required only simple intelligence? It is not our intention to infer what Shakspeare *intended*, or arrogate what he *meant*—we simply propose to show what he has *done*. Various editions and black-letter fables are alike rejected; we draw nothing from words or from foreign sources. The common trade edition of Shakspeare's Dramas is before us; and out of this alone, we confidently assert, the whole truth can be educed; for grant that Hamlet is a good play, and it is conceded that Hamlet requires nothing for its interpretation which is not contained within itself. A good play is an entire truth;—not only true, but so declared that the auditor is placed, as it were, in a position whence the verity must be by him recognized. Annotations are not required to make this plain. Notes and comments may explain particular words or passages, but the pervading spirit these will never materially assist; because a Drama in its intention contemplates a state where such aids cannot be employed. The Dramatist invites the public to the theatre, and undertakes to show them that which they shall, through their comprehensions, be amused with. It is his office to make his audience understand; and unless Shakspeare was a bungler at his craft, he has done this in Hamlet, as in his other plays. The general voice, which has so loudly applauded this tragedy, declares its author to have done his part well; and if none yet have been able to demonstrate how admirably this has been done, surely it is owing to the discussions which have confounded reason; for the most ignorant have felt the interpretation, —the most learned have not been able to explain.

Then, with the common edition of the tragedy, which has not a single note or comment, and is far from being good in its text,—with this publication only, and all other assistance rejected, let the reader accompany us through the pages, and most probably he will wonder, as we have done, at the curious blunders of the writers, and the glorious perspicuity of Shakspeare.

Hamlet is depicted under suffering, which has been endured for some period before the commencement of the play. His nature has been operated on by misfortune, and has, more or less, undergone a change from its original condition; and it therefore is imperative

towards an understanding of his character, to find out what Hamlet may have been previous to those events that are antecedent to the Drama.

Ophelia, whose impressions were imbibed during his father's reign, and who since has had little intercourse with the Prince to weaken their truth, declares he was

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of this fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down."

ACT III. *Scene 1.*

And though the unripe judgment of the speaker would not allow much weight to be attached to her unsupported evidence, notwithstanding she is here but reviving recollections with no present motive to mis-state or overcharge, being alone,—yet her declaration becomes of much importance when corroborated; and Fortinbras, who had never encountered Hamlet since the date of his misfortunes, confidently pronounces him

—— "likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally."

ACT V. *Scene 2.*

While in the general aspect and unconscious testimony of behaviour from such as had neither affection nor interest to colour their respects, an aggregate proof is given that Hamlet had established a moral reputation, the influence of which, not the credit of his insanity, the accusation of murder, or the enmity of the reigning monarch, could destroy;—but memory hallowed what faith once had owned.

Nor is the character of Hamlet exhibited only under suffering such as refuses countenance to the supposition it once had approached perfection. In Hamlet, bosom-hates are moral antipathies; and revenge is pursued as a duty, not indulged as a passion.

He neither whines nor raves; but, wanting the self-adoration which found Lear a refuge in affliction, with mental courage struggles against a misery nature could not conquer; and as the strength of his original character must have been proportioned to the weight it was able to sustain, so by Hamlet's power to endure, as much as by other circumstances, we are led to the conviction that his nature once was like the white plume waving above the Prince's coronet, the grace of his exalted title.

By this conclusion, the duty is self-imposed to show that those events antecedent to the opening of the Drama were such as must have changed the sweet and noble mind attributed to Hamlet.

In the bloom of age, with the promise of many years of health upon his cheek, the father strangely dies. Affliction inquires in vain the cause of death; and suddenness and mystery call up fearful doubts, that burst upon the sense like mountain storms, to make impetuous the course of sorrow.

To estimate the effect of this great loss upon the mind of Hamlet, it must be regarded in conjunction with the circumstance of his station, which, as a Prince, circumscribed the limits of his home. Private individuals have a large space for their affections; but the Royal child,

nursed in etiquette and reared in forms, knows but few equals with whom he can securely joy or sorrow. He alone sees the parent in the King, or can disregard the robes with which the mother's bosom is encumbered. All other relations of life State interferes with. The uncle yields him precedence, and the cousin sinks into the courtier. If the ceremony of the Palace deaden not the sensibility of its inhabitants, the affections are concentrated, and their intensity is yet heightened by those ideas of honour, and that sense of interest, which, after holier faiths had been abjured, have frequently in outward show supplied their places in the families of Princes.

His elevated position also exposed him to annoyance. The Prince, who felt more deeply, was not permitted to mourn sincerely as other men; but while no heart could sympathize, all eyes dictated to his sadness. Dignity was imposed upon dejection, and prostration was expected to parade. Formal condolences intruded on his privacy, and ceremonious details taxed his patience, at a time when affliction made him anxious to be quiet and alone; till, to escape, and make himself a solitude, Hamlet forbad society, and shut himself from the world.

This circumstance, accordant with the customs of grief, is not directly stated in the play, but it is indicated in a manner so marked as to leave no room for uncertainty. Hamlet's accusation against the uncle of having—

"Popped in between the election and my hopes,"

ACT V. *Scene 2.*

clearly insinuates an advantage taken rather than a struggle gained; and this advantage, such conduct would afford ample opportunity to secure. The seclusion of the Prince would necessarily facilitate the designs of the usurper; and occurring at a time when the sudden demise of the crown, joined to the hostile demonstration of a neighbouring state, made energy imperative for the conservation of the kingdom, would suggest the strongest and most plausible arguments for setting aside the direct succession, which, had Hamlet possessed activity to form and head his party, not only need not, but *could* not, have been interfered with, as the reason the King advances to excuse his not proceeding openly on Polonius's murder—

*"The great love which the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affections,
Work like the spring which turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces: so that my arrows,
Too lightly timbered for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them,"*

ACT IV. *Scene 7.*

convinces Hamlet had the power to assert, had he possessed the inclination to contest, his right.

Policy required he should be kept ignorant of the State's decision, till the measures to enforce it had been matured; therefore his second blow would also possess all the evils of a surprise to Hamlet, who, though as a philosopher his mind was superior to the loss, yet as a man his feeling could not be insensible to the injury. He had been educated to anticipate his possession of the throne as a natural consequence—

his removal might not have occurred to him as a possibility ; he was secure in the affections of the populace ; at the head of the council sat his nearest relative, and his claims were by affliction made sacred unto charity. Wholly unprepared—it might be conjectured unfitted—to hear such tidings, he was suddenly apprized, the bond to which was pledged great Nature's order, the law's integrity, the people's voice, the senate's honour, was arbitrarily cancelled ; and, nearest to his domestic sensitiveness, the hand that had torn off the seal was his who should have been foremost to point to its inviolability.

The keenest trial, however, yet remained. There lived only one being who could speak to Hamlet of his father as he had loved him—only one who shared his knowledge of the domestic virtues of the King, and to whom he could look for sympathy or consolation in his sorrow. On his mother's lap alone he could sink his head, and feel his manhood was not shamed to weep ; in her eyes alone the Prince could hope the abandonment of his tears was justified : but before the earth had settled o'er his father's corse—

————— “ Within a month ;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married ! ”

ACT I. Scene 2.

Let these rapid calamities be considered, and no private faiths or public trusts, hopes or affections, can be found, which were not by them annihilated ; even the youthful passion for Ophelia was by his mother's “ incestuous dexterity ” made sickly.

“ Frailty, thy name is woman ! ”

ACT I. Scene 2.

The chivalrous idolatry of love-worship was there denied ; and he who yet professed, no longer knelt in faith.

Ophelia's sex and age forbad Hamlet to impart to her his serious confidences, and in none else could he confide ; for parent, relative, and country, he had experienced to be faithless. Nor was there a circumstance could alleviate his despondency : his presence at his uncle's coronation would seem a mockery at his own dethronement ; and the repeated assurance he stood as chiefest courtier, loving cousin, and adopted son to the reigning monarch, would sound tauntingly to him who had ever been the only child and rightful heir of Denmark.

Thus incapable of consolation, and severed from communication with mankind, in vain might Hamlet have striven to escape the entrancement of his grief. All the misfortunes which had befallen him subsequently to his father's death, were consequences of that event. The mind was constantly being driven back to the first cause of its suffering ; and as in the sacredness of his filial sorrow Hamlet was justified, and they who had wronged him condemned, a moral pride would be engendered to foster and endear its anguish, which the rejoicing that ushered in the new reign could not but irritate and augment : there was nothing in his own position, or the circumstances which surrounded him, to divert his mind, while to fascinate, doubt, suspense, and horror flitted o'er the subject of his thoughts. He, nearest to the person of the King, had been the first to make advantage by his death ; the uncle, who became the natural guardian of the son, had used his

trust to rob his ward's inheritance; and the widow had cast aside her weeds to unite with the traitor to her child, to share the gain and pleasure in the plunder.

This combination of unnatural results led to a terrible conclusion; and in the first soliloquy we have an insight to those reflections which agitated Hamlet's bosom. Broken sentences, piteous exclamations, and general aspersions, together with the painful knowledge of exact space being unable to suggest precise dates, show the intellect is trembling beneath some burden which is wearing out its strength. He strives to compare evidence so as to reach conviction; yet by some terrible vision he is ever distracted; and now, in despair, he resolves not to think of it—only immediately to return, being incapable of other thoughts. One idea is ever present to his mind, which connects his father's image with his uncle's person;—conjuring up the one, the other starts beside it; and from the love he bore the dead, he extracts a hatred for the living. Unsteadily winding round and round a horror, that like a prophetic vision fills his sight, whose form he knows, yet dares not recognize, Hamlet hastily endeavours to break the charm by concluding—

“It is not, nor it cannot come to good.” ACT I. Scene 2.

When, as that were too near an approach to the fatal truth, having no proof on which to rest, save strong conjecture, his native honour rises in rebuke, and he determines for the future to bury his surmise till it consumes his life.

“But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!”
ACT I. Scene 2.

What thought it is he then suppresses, being afterward confessed in the ready exclamation, “O! my *prophetic* soul! my *uncle*!”

The distress arising from family loss and dishonour is heightened by the terror of a suspicion that again makes more poignant the cause of all his misery; and Hamlet appears upon the scene steeped in an affliction—not tearful—not fatal—but a living sorrow grafted on a princely nature, and all his actions will be seen to be its fruit.

He enters silently: discussions arise in which the Prince might have reasonably joined: but Hamlet continues mute till directly addressed, when the first line he speaks,

“A little more than kin and less than kind,” ACT I. Scene 2.

pronounces him keenly sensitive of his changed position; and the next explains the cause of his despondency—

“*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
“*Hamlet.* Not so, my Lord, I am too much i' th' sun;” ACT I. Scene 2.

ightly referring to the annoyance his melancholy experienced from the glare in which he resides, so reminding the King of his desire to escape to Wittenberg; yet carrying a deeper meaning in the sound the words would have when spoken on the stage, “I am too much of the *son* ;” in which latter sense alone they are construed by the characters present,

for the Queen rebukes Hamlet for the speech, bidding him regard the reigning monarch, and

———"not for ever with veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 Thou know'st 'tis common all who live must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity." ACT I. Scene 2.

With her Hamlet can hold no discourse on such a theme, and therefore seeks to avoid it by assenting to the generality. But when the mother assumes on his acquiescence to ask—

"If it be,
 Why seems it so particular to thee?" ACT I. Scene 2.

the embittered spirit breaks into a declaration of its estranged belief. He will not permit the reality of his sorrow to be questioned. He indignantly declares his want of faith in things that seem: holding what is felt alone to be real:—

"Seems, Madam? Nay it is! I know not seems.
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good Mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy aspirations of forced breath,
 No! nor the fruitful river of the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, and shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within that passeth show;
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

ACT I. Scene 2.

The affection Hamlet ever displays towards his parent, even after he is convinced of her participation in his uncle's guilt, together with the phrase "good Mother," tenderly introduced into the lines, forbids the supposition that any sarcasm was intended by this reply. The vehemence of his feeling, the circumstances of his auditor, and the subject of his discourse, insinuated that appearance, and disabled him to detect it; but his speech, deprived of this fortuitous aspect, indirectly asserts a disbelief in outward evidences, and declares a faith in that reasoning which has generated the philosophy of sensations to which Hamlet has been induced by the misery that made him ever conscious of present pain, and thus drew his imagination from surrounding objects, rendering ideas to him sensible realities, and divesting actuality of the spirit of life, or making life but as a shadow.

"Oh! God! Oh! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem all the uses of this world to me!" ACT I. Scene 2.

Such scepticism is natural to grief. Who that has tasted sorrow, has not felt its power to shut up the senses, and give to actual occurrences the visionary aspect of a dream? Who that has known death in his home, has not experienced the impulse which denied reality, even while the lips pressed and the tears fell on the sad token of its presence? This disbelief, however, is general only in the first outbreak of lamentation; but circumstances have tended to keep alive the vehemence

of sorrow in Hamlet's disposition ;—a fact illustrated by the laboured and repeated efforts made to divert his melancholy—by his anxiety for seclusion—seeking to bury himself in the studious shades of Wittenberg ;—by his foregoing that desire, rather than encounter the trouble of solicitation ;—by his solitary condition,—being without a confidant or a companion, though a Prince in the Court of his Father ;—by his being left alone on the withdrawal of the monarch,—proving he repelled society, and made his wish for privacy to be known and to be respected ; for, when the King retires, all follow ; and though newly assured of his interest and invited to exert it, none of the greedy mendicants who lounge about a palace presume to intrude upon his solitude ; and more especially by the desolation of heart he expresses in his prayer for dissolution, and his regret that suicide, as a refuge, is forbidden.

Released to his meditations, Hamlet remembers not his recent disappointment, nor bestows a thought upon his own desolate and interesting position ; every present subject is forgotten ; and immediately, without a clue to lead or an effort to direct his mind, he is wholly abstracted by the recollections of the past ; even to such total oblivion of outward things is he charmed, that when Horatio enters, an exertion is needed to recognize the familiar face of his fellow student. But to show how this power to emancipate his mind from reality has enlivened his imagination, when he recalls the features of his Father, so vividly is the image presented, Horatio, by the distinctness this imparts to the manner of recognizing it, is surprised into a belief the figure was actually visible at the moment.

“ Hamlet. My Father—methinks I see my Father.

Horatio.

Where,

My Lord ?

Hamlet.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.” ACT I. Scene 2.

A yet more conclusive evidence of Hamlet's visionary disposition may be discerned in his manner of receiving the intelligence of his Father's spirit having appeared to the guard. Horatio, an inferior character, disputes the credibility of the apparition, though he is told it had been twice beheld by two people, and on the head of this doubly corroborated testimony, is confidently invited to assure himself of its truth.

“ Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us.”

ACT I. Scene 1.

But Hamlet welcomes the information as with a prepared faith, indicating the extent of his belief by his anxiety to learn all the minute circumstances which accompanied the appearance.

“ But where was this ? ”—“ Did you not speak to it ? ”—“ Armed say you ? ”—“ From top to toe ? ”—“ Then you saw not his face ? ”—“ What looked he frowningly ? ”—“ Pale or red ? ”—“ And fixed his eye upon you ? ”—“ Stayed it long ? ”—“ His beard was grizzled ?—No ! ”

ACT I. Scene 2.

The impatience of his conviction making him anticipate the answer, and ultimately leading him to the verge of folly, seeking impossible information, “ *Perchance 'twill walk again?* ”—this interrogatory being

instantly followed by a determination to join the watch; and his determination no sooner taken than he prepares himself as for a certain interview; but most of all displaying the dreamy inclination of his faith by the serious importance he attaches to the circumstance in his injunction to hold the matter secret.

Once more alone, Hamlet leaps to a conclusion for which the intelligence he had received was certainly no sufficient warrant. In Horatio's address to the Ghost, we perceive popular superstition assigned other causes for such appearances than that now adopted by Hamlet; and though he hits the truth, as yet he had no ground for its assertion beyond those conjectures which he had previously intimated, and resolved to repress. But, however he had struggled not to acknowledge his suspicions to himself, these had gained firm possession of his thoughts.

" My Father's spirit in arms! All is not well :
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!
 Till then, sit still my soul : *foul deeds will rise,*
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

ACT I. Scene 2.

The intelligence did not create that impression of his Father having been unfairly dealt with, which Hamlet here for the first time directly avows, as in the previous soliloquy the same terrible doubt is evolved. By this hastiness, another feature of his melancholy is indicated, and the auditor is prepared for its more violent operation hereafter. Paralysed to the world and its enjoyments, Hamlet is, nevertheless, very susceptible to sudden impressions, which, rather felt than conceived, have therefore the greater force upon his conduct; and these impulses, acting on his irritability, gradually swell into passions before which every prudential motive is compelled to yield,—an instance of which is given in his conduct after the spectre has vanished, and may be found almost in his every subsequent action.

During the first scene we have beheld him display that painful characteristic of excessive sorrow, which is denominated mental hysteria—the jesting of agony with its tortures.

The play upon the words of the first line, and the pun in the second, are prompted by such a feeling: but a more startling sign of the disposition of Hamlet's grief to assume this aspect is provoked by Horatio's reason for quitting Wittenberg—

" My Lord, I came to see your Father's funeral ;"

ACT I. Scene 2.

which proof of affectionate remembrance, contrasting Laertes's courtly motive for leaving France,

" Whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark
 To show my duty at your coronation," ACT I. Scene 2.

probes the inflamed sympathies of the Prince.

" I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student,
 I think it was to see my Mother's wedding.

Horatio. Indeed, my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

ta..

ACT I. Scene 2.

Searching through the Drama, the same hectic mirth will be found indulged only under excitement, the tranquil inclination of Hamlet's mind being to deepest sadness, while his "whirling words," usually addressed to no party, can, consequently, carry no design, but must be the expression of the passion as experienced at the moment.

Any circumstance which tore open the wounds of Hamlet's sorrow, drove him into that frightful merriment; and the interview with the Ghost, opening all the sources of his woe, goads him to a seeming lightness, which a deep sense of the painful provocation in which it originates, is requisite to redeem from the accusation of indecency or frivolity. He becomes the creature of the hysteric impulse—feels its spirit working within him, is indirectly conscious of its disposition, derives a morbid gratification from its indulgence, and therefore seizes an excuse that he may continue to vent its strange inspirations.

Let it be remembered, nothing is more common with the generality of mankind, than this species of self-deception; and in cases of confirmed mental alienation, it is by no means unusual for the sufferer to recognize and artfully excuse the prompting of the malady: and, therefore, that Hamlet, finding a relief from the oppression of despondency in the wildness of his hysteric excitement, should seek to prolong its continuance, presents no trait not fully established as natural to any state of mind. He deceives himself, that, encouraging the humour he is sensible to, he is therefore feigning it. The constant dwelling on one subject had in him induced an unhealthy disposition, which exposed him to the operation of this strange humour. Yet, hitherto, though Hamlet has displayed great credulity and equal unbelief, showing his ideas to be unsound, nevertheless he has committed no act that could be argued to warrant a deduction of positive insanity. But after the interview with the Ghost, the strongest proof of his actual madness is to be found in his assumption of lunacy; and, with the putting on of the one, the other may be said to commence in that degree where it is no longer to be mistaken or concealed. He purposes nothing at the time he puts on this new character, and he does nothing afterward which might not have been better done in his real one; therefore, he had no motive for the artifice, and the absence of *motive* shows it was *not* a design.

Regarded as a stratagem, there was not a single argument to recommend its adoption. Hamlet had received a revelation which made it his duty to despoil a monarch; but the source of his information was of such a nature, that perfect sanity and unimpeached veracity were needed to ensure its reception by mankind: both of which, if sane, are wilfully destroyed: for they who were deceived by his feigning, could not credit his testimony; and they who believed his madness assumed, would, in the elaborate falsehood it displayed, find no additional motive to implicitly confide in his sincerity.

Moral confidence being shaken, disappointed hopes would afford a ready answer to any direct accusation; and by thus impugning his integrity, the Prince secured the guilty at the moment he was meditating to impeach. The adoption of insanity must also disperse all political influence which the Royal party would naturally absorb, and so be strengthened against attack by his conduct who

contemplated to assault. On every hand, the "antic disposition" gave the reigning monarch additional advantages; but the greatest, and that which was most hazardous to Hamlet himself, was the danger it brought to his personal freedom. A madman must be watched, and may be placed under restraint. The temper of the usurper sanctioned no inference that the authority now madly given would be delicately or scrupulously employed. All privacy was sacrificed. Spies are the first result; and if the popular affection guarded Hamlet's person, he never calculated on such a protection, nor at any time appears conscious of its existence. In his own conception, the only point we have now to consider, he was defenceless when he resigned his right of self-control, and the only real protection he could indeed depend upon was the ignorance of his enemy. If the knowledge Hamlet had of his Father's murder were conceived by the King, every scruple would be removed, and every resort risked to silence the possessor of such a secret. The temper of his adversary—his cunning, his ability, his remorselessness—Hamlet well knew; and knowing this—that no uncertainty may remain as to his actual condition—the first use made of his pretended assumption is the act of madness, to throw down the slender barrier remaining between him and immediate peril—for no higher reason than because it is the impulse of the moment so to do.

The effect which the Player's passionate recitation—(*Æneas's* tale of *Priam's* slaughter—a Prince relating the tyrannous murder of a reverend and virtuous King)—has upon the melancholy susceptibility of Hamlet, suggests to him the scheme of the Play; which idea once conceived, he does not reason on its propriety, or arrange any plot of which it is to form a primary part, but proceeds at once to justify his inclination.

" I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ." ACT II. Scene 2.

The *non sequitur* of the inference is one of those delicate touches Shakspeare introduces to overpower admiration. It speaks the mind of the reasoner, and shows the temper in which the pretended argument was advanced. On one subject only could Hamlet be guilty of a logical error.

The hearsay about "guilty creatures" was no reason, but an excuse. It was a possibility such an accident might have happened. Yet it required a strange combination of circumstances, and these would be dependent on further circumstances, so that for a certain result a sane mind would not have trusted to, much less have incurred any risk to adopt it. But once inclined, Hamlet is finally determined, his intellect being the slave of his infatuation; and for his present plan he would impeach the vision, on the veracity of which he has now irretrievably committed himself.

“ The spirit I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.”

ACT II. Scene 2.

The doubt, too lately entertained to be of help, is not here put forth in faith, as Hamlet through the whole speech assumes his uncle's guilt, and proves himself most convinced when, to justify his inclination he pretends to suspect. The perverted mind magnifies a remote improbability into a positive authority, to reconcile the judgment to its likings—arguments being sought only in one direction. The way he desires not to go, Hamlet refuses to look, else he could not but have perceived those objections which stood obviously opposed to his design.

The play was so broad a device, and so publicly expressed, that even if the King were guiltless, majesty would be compelled to punish the open insinuation against its dignity; therefore, if the charge were groundless, the stratagem which conveyed it would peril the liberty of Hamlet. Under the best circumstances, it was a wild and dangerous expedient; but when the circumstances are contemplated as Hamlet viewed them, the resort can only be regarded as the act of madness. That a strong-minded man, wearing a crown, should fall on his knees and openly confess, was just possible; but any less result could answer no end,—for sudden indisposition would reasonably account for the simple interruption of the performance. All was therefore staked on an extreme possibility—and how far Hamlet sought to favour that by his conduct will be afterwards observed on. It was probable some symptoms of uneasiness—from which the truth might with apparent certainty be deduced, and which, if generally observed, might lead to a sudden retribution—should be displayed; yet, to defeat the effect of such evidence, Hamlet conceals his design from all but Horatio. None, therefore, watched the countenance of the King, who was, indeed, shielded from general observation by the attention of those present being fixed on the scene. The workings of conscience would therefore be unnoticed by the Court; and if inferences drawn from appearances were afterwards to be employed against the monarch, this was a kind of proof few men would be able to receive upon report; and such, as has been shown, as could be easily met by counter assertion.

The play told all Hamlet thought—in such a manner that it became in its mystery a confidential communication. It would leave no doubt as to the nature of Hamlet's feelings, his suspicions, or his intentions. The Prince's fortunes were not so desperate as to require so rash an expedient, nor his position such as gave to it any countenance. He was in no present danger, and had no party ready to protect him against future peril; for the man who had murdered the father would be compelled to sacrifice the son, who, aware of the crime, declared a resolution to revenge. If Hamlet were mad, the motives for his removal were not the less—if sane, the greater: therefore, after the play, the King could not remain inactive; and, unless some sudden blow was to anticipate the consequence, Hamlet obtained conviction of a truth, by casting away with his life the power to accomplish the end for which he sought it.

The quarrel with Ophelia occurs to distract his mind. Yet the

sense of security gained from the compact of friendship he makes with Horatio brings the calmness which enables Hamlet ultimately to discern that the stratagem, however successful, cannot be final in its result. He perceives the necessity there is for deliberation, and expresses a desire to consult with Horatio; yet his impatience incapacitating him for reflection, he puts off the time of counsel to a period which ought to have been devoted to speediest action—as danger would then have been incurred. His impatience also leads him, if possible, into a greater imprudence. It was his intent to watch in secret, and from observation to draw conclusions. Such an intent imposed strictest silence; but, unable to continue passive, Hamlet betrays his stratagem, implicates himself, and warns the enemy, who could be attacked only with perfect success if surprised.

“Have you heard the *argument*? Is there *no offence* in it?”

ACT III. *Scene 2.*

His object is, in its great aim, by himself defeated, though, so far as his personal conviction was concerned, attended with success. Such conviction, however, is the only benefit he derives; for, catching the infection he sought to communicate, over-excitement renders him unable to consult with Horatio; and beyond a casual allusion, he does not refer to the subject. The excess of his emotion, however, rendering him conscious to its existence, he orders music, hoping with harmonious sounds to soothe his turbulence; but the entrance of persons he dislikes rekindles all his passion, and the instruments of the musicians are, with fatal aptitude, converted into a means to exemplify and feed his humour. Then dismissing those about him, insensible to personal danger, he bestows not a thought on his present peril, but prepares to obey the summons of his mother. With quiet, a partial consciousness returns. Again Hamlet becomes aware of his condition; he recognizes it in all its deformity; and grows alarmed, lest the savageness he discerns in his nature should impel his hand against the person of his mother. The desire for blood is so strong, and his fear of matricide so great, that to escape the crime he resolves to take no life; and quits the scene, repeating this to impress it on his mind, exclaiming as it were to himself,—“I will not kill! no, I will not kill! I will not kill!”—an expression which he virtually delivers no less than seven times, and with the reiteration of which the soliloquy concludes:—

“Now to my mother—

Oh heart, *lose not thy nature*: Let not ever

The soul of *Nero* enter *this firm bosom*:

Let me be *cruel*, not *unnatural*;

I will *speak daggers* to her, but *use none*:

My *tongue and soul* in *this* be *hypocrites*:

How in my words soever she be shent

To *give them seals*, *never my soul consent*.” ACT IV. *Scene 2.*

Fixed in this determination Hamlet departs to seek his mother, but on his way encounters the King, whose death, self-defence, added to conviction, now made politic as well as just; yet the dupe of any impression of the moment, the Prince applies the resolution called up to protect the Queen, to spare the usurper's life.

Of the reason he assigns to excuse his ill-timed forbearance, no further notice may be taken here, than to direct attention to its perfect coincidence with those brought forward to justify the play—portraying the same affection for theoretical over-refining—the same leaning to remotest improbabilities, and the same obliviousness to all obvious arguments.

The restraint he had imposed upon his impulses for the preservation of the King exhausting his constancy of purpose, and the rankling dissatisfaction inseparable from mistaken motives acting on his irritability, Hamlet appears before the Queen, with a rudeness which alarms her fears; and her terror increasing his excitement, recalls the fierceness he had sought to banish from his breast. Confusion arising, the Prince becomes wild, and no longer able to control his thirst for blood, slays Polonius, asking—"Is it the King?" forgetting he had crossed the usurper, spared his life, and left him kneeling, in his passage to the chamber; and precluding a meditated exhortation on the sin of murder, with the wanton sacrifice of human life.

This last act gave a timely pretext to the King to seize the person of the Prince, and force him to leave the kingdom; no compulsion, however, being needed, as Hamlet was a consenting party to his quitting Denmark, ever infatuated by his madness to cross his own intents. After the daring accusation of the play, the King could be considered but as a powerful enemy, interested in the death of Hamlet, who could no more be ignorant of the hatred he had provoked, than he might hope to fulfil the mission to which he had devoted his hand, when removed from the presence of him against whose breast it was directed; yet he is eager for the voyage to England; his wilfulness being swayed by a bribe, which a sound mind would have found reasons only to condemn. He sees danger in the distance, and with the impulse of insanity, overturns all the important matters that surround him, in his ardour to embrace it.

Hamlet. I must to England. You know that?

Queen.

Alack!

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Hamlet. There's letters sealed: and my two schoolfellows—

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd—

They bear the mandate: they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work!

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet

When in one line two crafts directly meet."

ACT III. Scene 4.

The same delirious courage, making him over-hasty in the attack on the pirates, restores him to his native shores. Thus the very fat of his disorder is the antidote to its poison; while upon his course success attends, such as Providence oft deigns to weak and blinded minds, to make intelligence distrust its strength, and wisdom doubt the pride of human prudence.

The voyage, however, has a beneficial effect upon the mind of Hamlet; a consequence which the speech of the King prepares us to anticipate.

"Haply the seas and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something settled matter in his heart:
 Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself."

ACT III. Scene 1.

Change of scene restores him to something of his originally gentle disposition. In the churchyard he lingers near the palace, as unwilling to enter again the precincts of his misery; and, insinuating how sweet a mind sorrow in him had wrecked, he loiters, indulging contemplations interesting to humanity, but most unimportant to every business that should have occupied his thoughts. Travel has only made him forgetful of present pain. It has not restored him to happiness; but for a period made him less conscious of affliction. He sleeps in agony, and dreams of peace; yet this transient repose is but the pause in the tempest—let the wind shake the curtain, and the maniac will start into fierceness—for now is Hamlet's lunacy at its height, since he has stooped to the level of the villain, and laughed to be triumphant in cunning and in malice. When first the Prince appeared, though faded by affliction, yet the nobility of his soul was such as predicated no low encounter; but now suffering has made him foreign to himself—

"Hamlet from himself" is "ta'en away;" ACT V. Scene 2.

who could not, in his natural mind, insult the brother in the grave of her whose death he had occasioned, and whose father he had slain.

The manner of the incident demands particular attention. Since the opening of the Drama the Prince has not appeared so calm; his mind is composed: but a funeral approaching, to indulge his train of thought, and delay a little longer his return, Hamlet stays to observe. The earth thrown up to form the grave is upon his shoes—he has listened to the songs and jests of the clowns who dug it, and so far participated in their spirit, as to speculate on the remnants idly cast forth from their sanctuary. The revulsion of feeling is thus prepared for, and Hamlet first remarks the—

—"maimed rites! This doth betoken
 The corse they follow did with desperate hands
 Fordo its own life."

ACT V. Scene 1.

Hamlet's opinion on suicide is more than once expressed; but in the first act it was particularly marked—when supplicating for death. He rejected it as unholy—

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon against self slaughter! O God! O God!"—

ACT I. Scene 2.

Which sentiment, when applied to Ophelia, was terribly enforced by the lamentation of his Father's spirit—

"Cut off, even in the blossom of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head;
 O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

ACT I. Scene 4.

Thus, there were many circumstances combining to render the contemplation of the self-murderer's grave a subject of fearful interest to Hamlet; and when the vehemence of his moral convictions, and his devotion to his religious opinions, are together with these circumstances considered—the spectacle now rendered more awful by the severe curtailment of the rites, is at once perceived to be such as his shattered nerves were unfitted to endure; much less, therefore, was his susceptibility calculated to sustain any augmentation of the trial; to witness the passionate reprobation of Laertes; and in the language of excitement be suddenly informed Ophelia had sought the forbidden refuge he had shrunk from, and was, by the religion which he revered, in her grave denounced. At such a moment, the memory turns traitor to the judgment, and all recollections then accuse, no extenuating circumstance being revived to soften the anguish of self-reproach; and Hamlet could not but remember he had parted with Ophelia in anger; his latest words to her were not spoken in kindness; and his last act, before quitting Denmark, had been to rob her aged parent of his life; while to afflict his thoughts, his mother, unconscious of his presence, scattering flowers on the body, recalls the hopes that once had made him happy—

“ Sweet to the sweet, farewell !

I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife !

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,

And not have strewed thy grave.” ACT V. *Scene 1.*

The hardest nature must have lost its firmness at that moment; and Hamlet, most affectionate by disposition, with madness caused by sorrow lurking in his brain, stands incapable of act or speech, immersed in sharpest anguish; and in this state he hears himself, over the body of that being to whom he had in the singleness of his nature devoted his heart of hope, cursed as the cause of Ophelia's having suffered the most terrible of calamities, and the most horrible of deaths. The brain becomes inflamed, frenzy ensues, and reason is o'erthrown. All things grow confused; Ophelia's dead! That he feels—feels he has loved her best, and wronged her most—has deepest cause and greatest right to mourn her. Who has a grief that can compare with his? His sorrow has a mighty claim to precedence, and in its presence all others should be mute. Does Laertes usurp his office, and grieve in insolent defiance of his woe?

“ Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?” ACT V. *Scene 1.*

What can a brother feel worthy of exclamation, when Hamlet's by?—

“ Forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.”

ACT V. *Scene 1.*

Such grief is savage, and cannot look upon a rival. The great intensity makes all others' woe seem hollow protestation; an insult to the anguish that must of itself express its nature. It cannot accept or listen to another's voice; it can allow no sympathy. It will yield nothing, but asserts its right to all; so in the imperiousness of the frenzy, Hamlet refuses to recognize Laertes, whom he has just before

acknowledged "a very noble youth," and leaps into the grave, as he anticipated the dignity of his sorrow would be established by the declaration of his presence, and all would stand rebuked and silent before his voice—

"Who is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow,
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane!"

ACT V. Scene 1.

During the scene this excited feeling is retained, and the resistance offered to its assertion, together with the moral conviction of the injustice of Laertes' execration, imparts the sense of injury to Hamlet, who, blind to acts, yet retentive of sensations, after he has interrupted the funeral, assaulted the chief mourner, and polluted the grave, reproachfully inquires of the nearest living relative of the dead—

"Hear you, Sir;
What is the reason that *you use me thus*?
I lov'd you ever; But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

Thus, in his confusion, the impression of present wrong becomes confounded with former injury received from another person; and at Laertes he casts a threat which referred to his dethronement by his uncle, and his vague hope one day to regain his right. However, when the ebullition has subsided, and discourse on other subjects somewhat restored his consciousness, Hamlet partially perceives his error, and desires to make atonement.

"But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For in the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion."

ACT V. Scene 2.

The acknowledgment he then makes of forgetfulness, and the confession of excitement, being, so far as his evidence can be trusted, a confirmation of the view here taken of Hamlet's condition.

The unsettled state of his intellect is portrayed in Hamlet's inability to fix attention on his own affairs. This throughout has been a symptom of his disorder, and with it has increased, ultimately working the cure of the malady by which it was engendered. So now, notwithstanding the deep interest of his discourse with Horatio, the entrance of Osric diverts his thoughts, and on the antics of the fop he sinks again into that dreamy state of speculation, which, like an opium-sleep, though it be an unnatural repose, yet is medicinal in its obliviousness, and helps to restore him to a partial sanity. The glimmer of returning reason, preceding dissolution, does not, however, enable him to penetrate the designs of men, or light those lower perceptions which constitute human prudence. To the business of life he remains insensible; for though the two most powerful in Denmark (the King and Laertes, a nobleman whose influence could make family wrong a motive for national rebellion,) are his enemies; and in the narrative of

his escape from the assassination planned by the first, and in his determination to be reconciled to the last, he has only just before recognized them both in their true characters; yet without inducement or prelude to deceive his thoughts, he blindly accepts their joint invitation to one of those jousts, which frequently ending fatally, were therefore the most likely to conceal, and were the commonest resorts of treachery.

The very acquiescence, however, while it indicates the mind still unhealthy, is also a sign of its approaching recovery, for it shows the irritation has subsided; and this relief restores Hamlet to a knowledge of his own sensations, and enables him to interpret them correctly, which renders him conscious of his previous affliction, prompting that pathetic acknowledgment to Laertes which the character of the speaker, the motives which actuate him, and the circumstances under which it is given, must remove from any conjecture it could be coloured or invented.

"Give me your pardon, Sir: I have done you wrong:
But pardon it as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punished with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never, Hamlet!
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother."

ACT V. Scene 2.

Here Hamlet speaks of himself as mad, and his confession is perhaps the best evidence of the conclusiveness of the view of his actions and character sketched in these pages; by which directed, we will attempt, in the next number of this Magazine, to explain those portions of the tragedy which have been variously regarded as inconsistencies, gratuitous introductions, unnecessary harshnesses, unnatural conceptions, or inexplicable mysteries,—as the actual extent of Hamlet's insanity, his asperity to Polonius, his violence to Ophelia, his dissertation to the Actors, his latitude of speech during the play, his reason for not killing the King, his disregard of Polonius's death, and his frequent delays;—and to show that each and all of these are parts of one perfect whole, conceived in harmonious accordance with the laws of nature, and originating in that knowledge of mankind which Shakspeare throughout his works discovers.

(*To be continued.*)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF DARTMOOR.

MANATON* CHURCH-YARD.—THE UNKNOWN FEMALE.

BY J. E. READE, AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "CATILINE," &c.

"I MARVEL not, seeing your fixed regard :
 A tale of thrilling interest is her life.
 Five years have past since first that Stranger came
 With one Attendant here, a female, dark
 As her mistress she, of the Spanish race.
 That cot they hired, its adornments adding :
 The housewives' wonder roused, perchance their fear,
 But charities that came unsought and fast
 From that dark lady's hand, and gentlest words
 To children, surest proof of kindly nature,
 Soon reconciled her presence to the few.

A resident among my flock become,
 I deemed it duty as a courtesy bound,
 To attend her—not alone : my daughter joined me,
 Neither uninterested to behold
 Her with whose name benevolence and beauty,
 And deepest mystery were strangely joined.
 She was not absent : yet availed herself
 Of the conventional laws of courtesy,
 Declining to receive us.

Years passed on,
 And she was still remembered with regret,
 Yet still by us unseen, her Catholic faith
 Denying entrance to our holy pile,
 When, suddenly, a message sent, surprised us,
 To see myself and daughter. We obeyed,
 Without an hour's delay, for something warned me
 A crisis was at hand. Entering her room,
 Which was unoccupied, a moment's leisure
 Was given us to dwell on what we saw ;
 For often the familiar abode
 Gives manifold signs of inward character.
 The casement darkened by Venetian blinds,
 O'er the empanelled walls deep shadows threw :
 The floor of oak was richly carpetted ;
 On a small ebony table near the fire,
 Books were dispersed, and, on the sofa near,
 Of foreign fashion, an unstrung guitar.

* The name is derived from Mden-y-Sun, signifying the circle of erect stones. This Druidical vestige lies in a small field S. E. of Manaton : it is an enclosure of an elliptical form : the stones are from four to six feet in height, in a double row and closely set ; their diameter is one hundred and thirty-eight feet. They may be perceived from the village green. It is a most impressive Druidical relique.

One painting hung suspended from the wall :
 A crucified *JESUS*—but it filled the mind ;
 The spirit of some great Master ruling there.
 There were the arms stretched out and nailed in blood ;
 The strained white-gleaming eyeballs upward rolled
 In supplicating silent agony !
 Appealing that the cup might yet pass from him,
 Yet with submissive will to his great Sire ;*
 The pale meek brow dabbled in sweat and blood ;
 The gasping lips all colourless and parted ;
 The downward drooping head in languor sunk,
 Like some crushed flower overcharged with rain !
 The livid lips—all beautiful—but shrunken
 In marble coldness—rigid now in death !
 The human group beneath unmarked by him
 Save in his spiritual being—they,
 Denying, doubting, “ following him far off,”†
 Now prostrate in remorseful anguish there,
 The human *Magdalen* !—her arms thrown up ;
 Her upraised eyeballs gleaming through her tears ;
 Her form, all contrite, kneeling at the Cross
 Of Him whom she had loved through life so well !
 That human Mother ! all forgotten now,
 The promise—hope—fear—death—and after life—
 All, in the loss of her too human son !
 All now forgot, save that dead naked form
 Exposed to the wild night storms !—all unfelt
 Save that one pang that told she was alone !
 The darkening Night behind—the grey Cross shown
 By Lightnings—the veiled Temple—rent in twain :
 The wild woods tossing to the storm behind ;
 The desolate solitude where God alone
 Was watching o’er them !—all the Spirit told
 Of him who imaged forth the living scene,‡
 Till, Prophet-like, he saw and felt the truth ;
 Until to manifest it in palpable hues,
 Became an obligation and a law.

A cushion lay beneath for kneeling placed :
 The delicate presence of a taste refined
 Was felt diffused, and in that little cot
 Acknowledged : but the chamber’s opening door
 Absorbed attention on herself. She entered
 More like a queen than ordinary woman ;
 So much of dignity was in her presence,
 Yet blended with exceeding grace that made

* “ Nevertheless, not as I will, but as *THOU* wilt.”

† “ And his disciples followed him afar off.”

‡ From a recollection of Guido’s Crucifixion and master-piece, in the *Milanese Gallery*.

Its presence beautiful. In her simplest gesture
 There was a winning character of softness
 That made us yearn towards her; moved already
 By the expression of her speaking face,—
 A face that, once seen, could not be forgot.

I should not dwell upon its character
 Of beauty so familiar, so oft making
 The keeper of its temple negligent,
 But that I felt, her story known, became
 A silent illustration of her life.
 The twofold spirit of the living soul,
 The quiet and unquiet, were stamped there :
 The forehead high spoke of ancestral pride ;
 The braided hair was richly massed above :
 Her eyes were of the deepest darkest blue,
 Like the intense depths of the twilight sky,
 Where the eye loves to lose itself in veils
 Mysterious and undefinable ;
 The arched and silken lashes downward cast
 O'er them a deepest shade : but in her mouth
 The ruling feeling lay. The lips depressed,
 Were stamped by an habitual melancholy :
 A blight fallen upon roses colourless ;
 More touching their expression than if raised
 By animating hope ; even as our hearts
 Answer responsive rather pain than joy.
 Stamped there was an imploring character :
 As if one vital feeling but remained :—
 But to contend no more with destiny ;
 As if she asked but rest—to part in peace ;
 A feeling by the past, or sickness fed,
 For the deep shadows lined beneath her eyes,
 Spoke of internal suffering and decline.

Touched with an interest profound, I spoke :
 A disappointed feeling I confessed,
 Of being an unwilling stranger made ;
 As of the friend or guide my daughter lost.
 She sate as one who passively endured,
 But heard not : her abstracted air expressed
 A more absorbing interest. I observed
 She looked once on my daughter as she entered,
 But never afterwards. She spoke—and now,
 Even now falls on my ear that low deep voice
 Of tone so exquisitely mournful : tones
 Whose music told more than her eyes and face
 All she had felt and suffered.

‘ The indulgence,

So much which I must ask of you, I fear

Could not be granted even by yourselves ;
 Unless the looking on my face confirms
 All I would say. Yes ! sickness of the mind
 Alone could render me insensible
 To your affectionate words : but there are moods
 Which turn away even from affection's tears ;
 From the inward feeling of our hopelessness.
 Such have been mine : you see the end is near :
 I read the truth in your prophetic looks.
 When I am gone, the faith I had in you,
 You will feel proved in my Confessions here.
 I could not pass away unheard, and die,
 The infinite oppression on my heart
 Untold to human ears ; oh ! I have felt,
 Rather than this, I must pour forth my story
 To stones and echoless Nature. We may live,
 Or breathe, without the human sympathies ;
 But we yearn, madden for them, ere we die !
 I have bent o'er these records day and night,
 Never more satisfied than picturing
 Myself in darkest hues. I have been mad,
 And felt that I was mad—a separate being,
 In an existence from myself apart ;
 But conscience, the soul's voice, for ever watchful,
 Ever presided o'er my agonies,
 Approving what I suffered.

Much of this

May be too manifold within these scrolls,
 Yet nothing I would change : no weaker words
 Could paint the images I had to tell.
 You I have chosen my Confessor—hear me !
 All you could say to comfort me I know.
 And I have felt—*how*—words could not disclose.
 I feel myself from earthlier taints absolved ;
 Suffering has purified : my heart has been
 The Altar-place, consumed beneath th' ordeal ;
 But faith and hope, no phantoms of the mind,
 But palpable Angels hovering over me,
 Have told me of a life of peace hereafter :
 That my immortal soul shall sleep not here !
 Take these scrolls, and do with them as you list :
 The name of her who acted still must be
 Unknown ;—a name is but a word, a sound :
 The *life*, a warning is to those who yield
 To the unreined passions of the heart ;
 To overwrought belief, and love, and hope,
 Anger, revenge, and jealousy, and despair :
 The fatal paths such torches guide us to,
 Lighting up scenes where but remorse could follow,
 With retributive justice felt even here.

The last request I ask, which courtesy
 Or your affection will accord to me,
 However painful, is, that we now part :
 My gratefulness I feel I could not tell ;
 My life I leave, here, to your charities.
 She touched a silver bell : th' Attendant came ;
 And, ere we found accordance of reply,
 She, with a gesture full of mournful sweetness,
 Had left us, led, as one who suffered pain ;
 The door between us closed—I felt for ever.
 She died : her last request that solemn rites
 Of Holy Church should be performed for her,
 But with no stone to show where she was laid.
 Th' Attendant followed to her resting-place,
 Rigid in grief, as marble motionless.
 Nothing from her stern silence could be wrung.
 The after morn she left the cottage ; all
 The adornments and the moveables untouched,
 Save that one picture and the crucifix ;
 We felt she left it——never to return."

Erratum in No. DXLVIII.—Page 146, line 16, for how and then, read now and then.

BIOGRAPHICAL RECREATIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH
 RICHTER.

DEATH.

WHEN war furrows our globe with his ant or mole plough, and, with a nation-cleaving ploughshare, overturns, crushes and carries away the ant-hills we call cities, we are almost ashamed to note the wounds of any individual ant, or, on the banks of the blood-streams, to measure, by D. Glaser's blood-balance, the drops of blood we ourselves are losing. But of what, after all, do these streams consist, but of the drops of single wounds? Do not all the hammers of the war-forge descend ever on single hearts—a hammer on each heart? Besides, if, in time of war, the number of the wretched is to prevent my sympathising with individuals, I must be equally unsympathising at all times; for I have a battle-field before me, whenever I compress the space which every hour strews with the countless sighs and wounds of humanity.

Condemn, not, therefore, thou who, perhaps at this moment, beholdest the thousand-scythed chariot of war rolling down the mountain, amid the children and the mothers who lie in its precipitous path; in thy lovely grief, condemn not the ceaseless, in which thou art now to behold a daughter beside her dead mother—Adeline beside Julia.

The second apoplectic stroke announced itself by the softened heart-nerves, which fell, sheathless and exposed, into the claws of sorrow. The preparations for the voyage were for her last; every open jewel-case reminded her of the now mouldering finger on which she had

placed the first ring of love; every faded dress was a garment of her former lovely spring, still floating aloft, but rapidly sinking into the flood of time; every dream beheaded her husband; and one morning, ere she was yet half awake, as she looked on the pale sun rising in the direction of Paris, and surrounded by ruddy clouds, and thought it was *his* pale head swimming in blood, her own turned giddy, and stiffened, and her spirit, rising into æther, beheld the earth afar off, bearing round the sun the ruins of its prostrate dungeon.

When Adeline looked on the corpse, it seemed as though there glided out of it an ice-cold grief, like a cold serpent twining itself round her heart, and sucked her heart dry—then swelled it with hot poison, until it hung, faded and drooping, voided and parched, on the viper rings and the poisoned fangs. In vain, poor Lismore, thou offerest the soothing balm of consolation—she cannot take it—she is not *disobedient*, but *deaf* to consolation. . . . Oh leave me, pale image! Thou afflictest me, as I afflict others, too deeply!—Why are my frequent resolves to paint grief in feebler tints and with less background, always in vain? Do I not remember that a superior mind, like a high-priest, should bear no sorrow; and that while, on the one hand, I and my readers make so light of some of fortune's thefts (the stealing of our hair, for instance, of our cups, of our bread, our fruit and our honour), we yet, on the other, are but too easily melted by her stealing of men and corpses? Ah, but I also remember, that this grief is but a nobler love, a gentler suffering. And how can I restrain my imagination, when it shows me the crape-shrouded Adeline bitterly lamenting that the apoplexy stiffened the tongue sooner than the heart of her mother? and saying—"Ah, she would have spoken to me, and could not!" Of all laments, this affects me most—when I hear that, like a whirlwind, Death hath torn away a loved one without permitting adieus which, whether words or looks, would have been long and fondly remembered; for when the willow planted on his grave shall be dead—when the mourning-dresses shall be worn out—when only the yearly celebration of the death-day shall moisten the eye with a fleeting tear—even then, the thought, "He departed in silence, and could not bid farewell," must ever cause a bitter, burning pang. But thou, unhappier still, whose loved one vanishes in the death-cloud far from thee! No years will bring thee consolation. And therefore, when a stranger is buried among you, place over his remains, not the horizontal cross which is so soon overgrown, but a wooden or a metal cross with the register of his name and age; that so, if he have a friend, a brother, a father, who cannot forget him, and who, with the sole end of beholding the tomb, the abode, the covering of the loved breast now for ever buried, is making the mournful pilgrimage to his grave, he may find, among the wilderness of dead, the dead he seeks. And when the purpose of his pilgrimage is accomplished, and he has departed with assuaged grief, no matter, then, if the iron crucifix fall, the metal inscription become obliterated, and the grave-mound level.—Ah, it is a life-long affliction to think, as I must—"Thy grave, like that of one buried in the sea, has no token!"

When Julia—who bloomed even in her coffin, like a gathered rose—was at length finally severed from her daughter, who, compared with

the corpse looked like a snow-white rose;—willingly did the inconsolable, with two tresses, which, amid a thousand tears, she had taken from the confined head, bid adieu to her mother country. The reason why she thus willingly wandered forth is peculiar: in a foreign land she might wear mourning for her mother. Thou dear *Blonde*! (but Nature did not intend thee only to mourn!) Black becomes *blondes*, and Fate clothes thee in mourning, as we set the diamond in ivory-black.—But thou hast forgotten thy charms and thy love; and thy lover, could he remind thee of them, would be unworthy of both.

Adeline longed to be in Scotland; for there the Count's sister was waiting for her; and an orphaned daughter lays her lacerated heart on a female, rather than on a male, breast. Lismore tarried not; for the knells of so many guiltless ones, tolling in every French city, racked Adeline's nerves beyond endurance. Much-tried France! mistrust not the future, while the hurricane is hurling all manner of poisonous sea-monsters from the slime of thy wide ocean, as storms strew the shore, not with amber only, but with poisonous fishes also.

But how sad was the sight, when Lismore, like a dolphin, bore his loved one out of these bloody waves, over to the second free coast! Adeline, who now for the first time experienced the grief of leaving her native land and two dear graves, went, as soon as she was on board, into perpetual mourning. Ah, she found it so hard a thing to live! Vain were it to warn her that she is blinding her eyes, already dim with weeping. Does not her soul, like one that is departed, hover continually over the grave of the best of mothers? Ah, is it not just midway in her career (her twenty-third year scarcely past) that she has been forsaken by her guide, who, like the fellow traveller of young Tobias (but earlier), has been transformed into an ascending angel!—Alone, and in the night, thou standest before the moon, which swims in the waves, as thine eyes swim in tears—weary and motionless, (that thou mayest avoid consolation,) thou strainest thine eyes towards the land thou canst never forget—thy grief is bearing thee along the ascent of its heavenward path—thou gazest, without ceasing, towards the heart that has vanished behind the stars.—Ah, thou fair mourner! who that has followed a funeral wreath—who could blame, who even interrupt thee?

C. T. W.

LIFE IS A DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

(Continued from page 270.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the Royal Palace.**Enter the KING and CLOTALDO.**Clotaldo.* All is as thou hast ordered.*King.* Tell me then,
Clotaldo, how it happened?

Clotaldo. It was done,
 Sire, by the soothing draught prescribed by thee,
 And which, replete with subtle drugs, combines
 The many properties of various herbs.
 These, with tyrannic power, with secret art,
 Do so impede the human intellect,
 That man remains nought but a living corpse,
 His faculties and senses lulled to sleep.
 We need not prove that this is possible,
 Seeing experience has already taught us,
 That medicine can reveal strange mysteries,
 And that each min'ral, plant, and animal,
 Possesses its determined quality.
 If, too, our human malice can succeed,
 In finding out a thousand deadly poisons,
 Why may we not find those of lesser force,
 That do not kill, but merely lull to sleep?
 Ceasing to doubt that this was possible,—
 As 'tis indeed most surely proved by reason,—
 I took the liquor, which I had prepared,
 Mixing together poppies, opium, henbane,
 And visited the cell of Sigismund.
 There I discoursed awhile of human learning,
 Which the dumb nature of the skies and hills
 Had taught him; while he learned in the same school
 The simple eloquence of birds and brutes.
 To raise his spirit to the high emprise,
 Which thou desirest, as my theme I chose
 The daring swiftness of a royal eagle,
 Which, spurning the low region of the winds,
 Rose to the highest spheres, an unreined comet,

Or feathered flash of lightning.* Praising, then,
 Her lofty flight, I said, "Thou art the queen
 Of all the birds, and therefore 'tis but just
 That thou'rt above them all." More was not needed,
 For when I touched this point of majesty,
 With pride and high ambition he discoursed ;
 His blood bestirring him to mighty things,
 Saying, "If in this most unquiet state,
 I mean the birds' republic, there is one
 To whom the rest swear homage, 'tis a source
 Of consolation, if I but reflect.
 Since well I know, that if I am a subject,
 It is by force alone. Of my free will,
 Ne'er would I bend before another man!"
 Seeing him thus excited in this matter,
 Which ever was the subject of his grief,
 I pledged him with the potion. When, behold !
 Scarce could the cup's contents have reached his chest,
 When a cold sweat ran through his veins and limbs,
 And he in sleep had sunk. Had I not known
 It was but death's appearance, I had feared
 That he was dead indeed. On this arrived
 Those whom thou trustest with th' experiment,
 And bore him in a carriage to thy room,
 Where all such majesty and lordly grandeur
 Awaited him, as fitted his high rank.
 There have they placed him in thy bed, my liege,
 Until the lethargy shall lose its force,
 And there too will they serve him as thyself.
 Such were thy orders ; if obeying thee
 Merit a boon,—the only boon I ask,—
 Pardon, I pray, my boldness,—is to know
 What is thy purpose, that thou so hast brought
 Sigismund to the palace ?

Basilio.

Good Clotaldo,

Thy doubt is just,—therefore from thee alone
 Will I remove it. As thou know'st, the stars
 Threaten calamities to Sigismund.
 Now would I fain examine, if the heav'ns,—
 Seeing they cannot lie, and that besides
 They prove their rigour, by my son's fierce mood,—
 Cannot be soothed, or tempered at the least,
 By courage and by prudence, and at last
 Revoke their fell decree ; for man bears sway
 Above the stars. This, then, I fain would test,
 And therefore bring him here, that he may know
 He is my son, and prove his natural will.
 If he subdue it—good ; then let him reign :

* Del fuego rayo de pluma.

But if he show himself a cruel tyrant,
Let him again be chained. Now, should you ask,
Why, when I try this strange experiment,
I bring him hither sleeping :—I can give
An answer that shall wholly satisfy.
Suppose he knew to-day he was my son,
And then saw that to-morrow brought him back
To misery and imprisonment ; 'tis sure
He would grow desperate ; for how, indeed,
Were he consoled, well knowing who he was ?
Therefore a door I open for the worst,
By telling him that nought but dreams he saw.
In this device two points are well considered.
First, I shall test his nature, seeing that
He will display all that he thinks and fancies ;
And, secondly, 'twill be a consolation,
If now he sees himself obeyed, and now
Finds himself in his dungeon once again,
To learn he has but dream'd. And thinking this
He will not err, for all who live, Clotaldo,
Are ever dreaming.

Clotaldo. I have many reasons
To prove that thou art wrong,—but 'tis too late,
For there are signs that he has waked already,
And is approaching us.

Basilio. I will retire,
Whilst thou attend'st him as his governor,
And from the mist of error round his mind
Endeavour to remove him, with the truth.

Clotaldo. Thou giv'st me leave to tell him all ?

Basilio. I do.
Since knowing all, and seeing well his danger,
Perchance he may more easily avoid it.

[*Exit.*

Enter CLARIN.

Clarín (aside). Here at the cost of four most lusty blows,
Given me by a red-coat halberdier
Whose liv'ry served for beard, I came to peep.
No window truly is more sure than that
Which a man carries with him, without leave
Of any minister, for one can pry
At every feast with ease and impudence.

Clotaldo (aside). It is Clarín, her servant. Hers, alas !
Who, dealing in misfortunes, comes to Poland,
Bringing disgrace to me. What is the news ?

Clarín. Firstly, my Lord, your gracious clemency,
Resolving to avenge Rosaura's wrongs,
Has led her to resume her proper dress.

Clotaldo. 'Tis well, the other might be thought immodest.

Clarín. Secondly, having changed her name, and feigning
That she's your niece, she has attained such honour,
That here within the palace she resides,
Attending on Estrella.

Clotaldo. It is well
That once I take her honour for myself.

Clarín. Thirdly, she waits the opportunity
And time, when you her honour may avenge.

Clotaldo. This, too, is prudent, for 'tis time alone
That will accomplish all.

Clarín. And next, my lord,
Know that she's served and feasted like a queen,
Being esteemed thy niece; and next to that,
That I who came with her am famishing,—
They heed me not,—forget I am Clarín,
And that, if such a clarion* once should sound,
It might tell all that happens to the king.
Ay, and Estrella, and Astolfo too.
Clarín and servant are two things, i'faith,
That do not well accord with secrecy;
And if, perchance, silence should let me slip,
The proverb might be current: The bright dawn
Is never wakened by a clearer clarion.

Clotaldo. I will relieve you,—your complaint is just,—
Only save me.

Clarín. Hold, here comes Sigismund.

*Enter Musicians singing, and Servants assisting SIGISMUND to dress.
The latter appears astounded.*

Sigismund. Good Heavens!—What is this wonder I behold?
I can admire it fearless, but believe it
With many doubts. I in a costly palace?
I among rich brocades, and waited on
By all these glittering and gallant servants?
Could I awake in such a splendid bed?
Assisted by so many hands to dress?
To say it is a dream would be untrue,—
I know I am awake,—I'm Sigismund!
Oh undeceive me, Heav'n,—say, what is this,
That pressed upon my fancy when asleep,
So that 'tis here I find myself? No more.
Be it what will, I'll not investigate.
And come what will,—I'll let them wait on me.

* "Clarín" is Spanish for "trumpet," and I have adopted the word "clarion" to give some approximation to the poor quibble which is here intended.—J. O.

1st Servant. Why does he look so melancholy?

(*The Servants converse apart.*)

2nd Servant.

Why?

Who, with so strange a lot, could well avoid it?

Clarín. Methinks I could.

2nd Servant. Go and accost him now.

1st Servant. Say, shall they sing again?

Sigismund.

No, they shall not;

I do not want their singing.

2nd Servant.

But we thought,

Being thus pensive, we might soothe thy grief.

Sigismund. Those voices will console no grief of mine;—

'Tis only martial music I would hear.

Clotaldo. Prithee, your Highness, let me kiss thy hand.

Being the first to render thee this homage.

Sigismund (*aside*). It is Clotaldo. If with such respect

He treats me now, who used me so severely

When in my prison—Heav'ns, what can it mean?

Clotaldo.

With the confusion of a state so new,

Thy reason will endure a thousand doubts.

From these I would deliver thee, my lord.

Know that thou art the prince inheriting

The crown of Poland, and if thou wert hid,

It was to shun the cruelty of fate,

Which threatened all the realms with countless wars,

Should thy august brow wear the imperial laurel.

Now, trusting that thou wouldst subdue the stars,—

As with a gallant soul 'tis possible—

They brought thee to the palace, from the tower

Where thou wert hidden, while thou wert asleep.

The king thy father, and my noble lord,

Will see thee soon, and thou wilt know the rest.

Sigismund. Thou art a traitor, vile and infamous;

I need no further knowledge, now I know

My proper state, and now I can henceforth

Exhibit all my power, and all my pride.

Say, how couldst thou such treason perpetrate

Against thy country, hiding from my knowledge,

In breach of ev'ry law, my real rank—

And me concealing from myself?*

Clotaldo.

Alas!

Sigismund. Thou wert a traitor thus against the law,

Thus thou wert a false flatterer to thy king,

* —Me ocultaste a mi.

And against me thou wert most merciless.
For these thy crimes, the law, the king, and I,
Decree that I should kill thee.

2nd Servant. Nay, my lord—

Sigismund. Let none prevent me,—all will be in vain.
By Heav'n's, if one should dare obstruct my path,
I'll hurl him from the window.

2nd Servant. Fly, Clotaldo.

Clotaldo. Alas for thee ! Thou showest so much pride,
And dost not know that all is but a dream.

2nd Servant. Consider—

Sigismund. Hence !

2nd Servant. He but obeyed his king.

Sigismund. Against the law he should not have obeyed him ;
Besides, I was his prince.

2nd Servant. But he could not
Examine whether he did well, or ill.

Sigismund. Methinks these bold replies become thee not.

Clarin. The prince is right, and you are very wrong.

2nd Servant. And who gave thee this licence ?

Clarin. 'Faith, I took it.

Sigismund. Who art thou ? Tell me ?

Clarin. I'm an interloper,
And chief of all my tribe—indeed I am
The greatest sneak the world has ever known.

Sigismund. In my new life, 'tis thou alone hast pleased me.

Clarin. Sir, I'm esteemed by all the Sigismunds.

Enter ASTOLFO.

Astolfo. Oh, happy day, the day thou show'st thyself
The sun of Poland, most illustrious prince,
Spreading around such splendour and delight,
And gilding the horizon as the dawn,
While like the sun thou risest from the hills.
Rise then ! And since thy brow has late been crowned
With royal laurel,—Oh, may it be late
Before that crown shall fade.

Sigismund. May God preserve thee !

Astolfo. That thou art ignorant of my quality,
I hold the sole excuse that thou hast shown
No more respect. Know that I am Astolfo,
The Duke of Muscovy ; thy cousin, too,
And every way thine equal.

Sigismund. When I said,
"May God preserve thee," was it not polite?
Now thou so loudly vauntest all thou art,
And spurnest my salute; another time
I'll say, "May God preserve thee not."

2nd Servant. My lord,
Though thou treat'st all, as one born from the rocks;
Yet still Astolfo merits more respect.

Sigismund. He wearied me, speaking in such high phrase;
Besides, he puts his hat on.

2nd Servant. He is great.

Sigismund. But I am greater.

2nd Servant. Nay, but it is well
To show him more respect than all the rest.

Sigismund. And who gave thee the right to interfere?

Enter ESTRELLA.

Estrella. Welcome, your Highness, welcome to the throne
Which longed for thee, and joyously receives thee.
Here, in despite of every artifice,
May'st thou live in all splendour: may thy life
Be reckoned, not by years, but centuries.

Sigismund (to CLARIN). Here tell me—quick—who is this sovereign
beauty,
This human goddess, at whose feet divine
The heavens have cast their glory? Who is she?

Clarín. Estrella, thy fair cousin, good my lord.

Sigismund. Estrella! Thou shouldst rather say, the sun.*

(*To ESTRELLA*). Although 'tis well that thou shouldst give me joy
Of the felicity that I have gained,
I only can admit a gratulation
For seeing thee; and thus that I attain
A joy I have deserved not, I accept
Right heartily thy welcome. Oh, bright star,
That dawnest, dimming the most shining light,
Say, what is left for the poor sun to do,
When with the day thou risest? I would kiss
Thy lovely hand, whence from a cup of snow
The morn drinks brightness.

Estrella. Thou art courteous, sir.

Astolfo (aside). If he should take her hand—then I am lost.

2nd Servant (aside). I know Astolfo's thoughts; and will prevent him.

(*To SIGISMUND*). Pr'ythee, my lord, observe it is not right
To take these freedoms, when Astolfo—

* That is, rather than a "star," which the word "Estrella" signifies.

Sigismund. Peace !
I told thee **not to interfere** with me.

2nd Servant. I tell thee what is right.

Sigismund. And I tell thee,
That this annoys me ; and that nought seems right
That is against my will.

2nd Servant. Yet thou hast said, my lord, in a just cause,
Obedience is but right.

Sigismund. And I said, too,
That from the balcony I'll hurl the man
That seeks to trouble me.

2nd Servant. A man, like me,
Such lot can ne'er befall.

Sigismund. Nay, can it not ?
By heav'ns I'll try it !

(*Seizes him, and goes off with the rest, except ASTOLFO and ESTRELLA; they presently return with him.*)

Astolfo. What is this I see ?

Estrella. Prevent him.

Sigismund. He has fallen from the window
Into the sea.—'Twas very possible.

Astolfo. Select a wider space for thy wild actions—
A man has that relation to a brute
There is between a palace and wild mountain.

Sigismund. Thou, by the use of such discourteous phrase,
Mayst want a head to wear thy hat upon.

Enter BASILIO.

Basilio. What is all this ?

Sigismund. Oh, nought of consequence ;
Only a man that troubled me, I flung
From off the balcony.

Clarín (to SIGISMUND). This is the king.

Basilio. What,—has thy coming cost a life already ?

Sigismund. He told me 'twas impossible ; but I,
Methinks, have won the wager.

Basilio. It grieves me, Prince, that when I come to see thee,
Hoping to find thee triumph o'er the fates,
I should behold this reckless cruelty,
And that thy first act is a homicide.
How can I now extend my arms to thee,
Knowing that thy embrace has learned to kill ?
Who ever looked upon a naked knife
That has struck mortally, and has not trembled ?

Who ever gazed upon the blood-stained spot
Where murder has been done, without a pang?
Even the boldest must obey his nature.
And thus, when in thine arms I can behold
An instrument of death, and also see
The blood-stained spot, I e'en must shrink from thee;
And though I thought, with tenderest embrace,
To clasp thy neck, I must avoid it now.
There's fear within thine arms.

Sigismund. Well, be it so ;

I need not thy embrace ; I've been content
Without it hitherto. A sire like thee,
That dealt against me such great cruelty,
Banishing me so coldly from thy presence,
Treating me as I were some monstrous beast,—
Attempting, too, my life,—oh, little worth
Are thy embraces, as thou didst deprive me
Of my existence as a man.

Basilio. Oh Heav'n !

I would I ne'er had given it thee, nor heard
Thy voice, nor seen thy reckless wickedness.

Sigismund. Hadst thou ne'er given it, I should not complain.
It is, that having given, thou takest it from me.
I know that giving is a glorious act,—
But giving, and then taking back again,
Is so much more the base.

Basilio. These are fine thanks

For raising thee—a humble prisoner—
Unto a prince's station.

Sigismund. Thanks, forsooth !

Why should I thank thee, tyrant of my will ?
Thou now art old and weak ; and by thy death,
What dost thou give that was not mine before ?
Thou art my father and my king ; and therefore
Hath Nature given me all this majesty
By right of her own law ; though I am raised
To this estate, I owe no thanks to thee.
Rather should I ask reckoning of the time
In which thou took'st my freedom—honour—life.
Thou shouldst thank *me* that I seek no redress,
Although thou art my debtor.

Basilio. Thou art a wild barbarian ; well the Heav'ns
Have proved their words by thee ; and by those Heav'ns,
Thou art puff'd up with empty vanity ;
And though at last thou knowest who thou art,
Having dispelled all error—and although
Thou standest where thou art the first of all,
Yet mark my warning—be of humbler mood :—
Perchance thou dream'st, although thou seem'st awake.

[*Exit.*

Sigismund. Perchance I dream, although I seem awake?
 I do not dream.—Well do I feel and know,
 Both what I was, and what I am. In vain
 Dost thou repent at last : sigh as thou wilt,
 Thou canst not take away my right by birth
 To wear thy crown ; and if thou saw'st me first
 Yield to my dungeon, this was the sole cause—
 I knew not who I was. I know it now—
 I am a compound of the man and brute.

Enter ROSAURA, in a woman's dress.

Rosaura. I come to seek Estrella, but I fear
 Lest I should meet Astolfo ; for Clotaldo
 Desires he should not recognize me here,
 Saying, that this imports my honour much.
 I trust Clotaldo, for to him I owe
 The boon of life and honour granted here.

Clarín (to SIGISMUND). Of all that thou hast seen, what pleased thee
 most ?

Sigismund. Being prepared for all, at nought I wondered.
 But is there anything in all the world
 I can admire, 'tis woman's loveliness.
 I read once in the books that I possessed,
 That God displayed his greatest skill in man,
 Being a world in little ; but I doubt
 It was in woman, being a little heav'n,
 Surpassing man in beauty, full as much
 As are the heavens placed above the earth ;
 And most of all, the one that I see here.

Rosaura. It is the prince, I will retire.

Sigismund. No—stay !
 Combine not thus thy rising with thy setting,
 Flying at once ; for if thou joinest thus
 Thy setting and thy rising—light and shade—
 Thou wilt omit the daylight altogether.*
 But who is this I see ?

Rosaura. I scarce believe
 What I behold.

Sigismund. I must have seen this beauty.

Rosaura. This pomp—this grandeur, I have seen confined
 Within a prison.

Sigismund. I have found my life !
 Woman,—for that's the dearest epithet

* By this extraordinary conceit, he means that she is not to leave as soon as she enters ; that is, by the comparison (understood, not expressed,) with a heavenly body, she is not to make her setting immediately follow her rising. If she does she will omit day altogether, or, as he says in the original, be the *sincopa* (syncope) of the day.—J. O.

That man can utter,*—tell me who thou art.
Had I not seen thee, still I had admired ;
Knowing that I have seen thee, thou art mine.
Who art thou, lovely one ?

Rosaura. I must dissemble.
I am a maiden of Estrella's suite,
And a most hapless one.

Sigismund. Nay, say not so :
Say, rather, thou'rt the sun, by whose bright flame
That star exists,† taking from thee her light.
In the sweet realm of odours I have seen
How, among all the company of flow'rs,
The rose presided as a deity,
Being their empress, as most beautiful.
Among the precious stones, too, I have seen
How, in the wise academy of mines,
The diamond has been far above the rest,
Being their emp'ror, for its greater lustre.
And I have seen, too, in the brilliant court,
Held in the restless country of the stars,
How the bright morning-star is king of all.
And I have seen, where in more perfect spheres,
The sun has called the planets to his court,
How he has reigned o'er all—day's oracle.
If then, the fairest amid flow'rs and stones,
Planets and constellations, reign supreme,
How is it thou canst serve inferior beauty,
Being from thine own loveliness the sun,
The rose, the diamond, and the morning-star ?‡

Clotaldo enters, and remains apart.

Clotaldo (aside). I still have hopes of taming Sigismund.
'Twas I that brought him up. What do I see ?

Rosaura. This kindness I esteem, my lord, and silence
Will be in me an eloquent reply.
For when the reason's slow, he speaks the best,
Who knows to hold his peace.

Sigismund. Still do not go ;
Why would'st thou leave my sense in darkness thus ?

Rosaura. I beg this favour of your Highness.

* There is a fine rugged energy in this expression—

“ Muger, que aquesto nombre

Es el mejor requiebro para el bombre.”—J. O.

† “ That star” is Estrella, the old quibble being repeated.—J. O.

‡ It is in speeches like this, when, instead of being a mere display of frigid ingenuity, a rapid fancy becomes the organ of real warmth, that Calderon appears uncontestably great.—J. O.

Sigismund.

Nay ;

Departing thus abruptly is not begging,
But taking it by violence.

Rosaura.

And if

Thou wilt not grant it, I must take it so.

Sigismund.

Thou wilt soon change my courtesy to rudeness—
Resistance is a venom to my patience.

Rosaura.

But if that venom, full of rage and madness,
Conquers thy patience, it shall not subdue
My self-respect.

Sigismund.

Nay, as thou dar'st me thus,

Thou makest me cast off the reverence
Thy beauty had inspired.—'Tis my delight
To conquer the impossible ; I flung
A man from yonder balcony for saying
I could not do it ; and that I may prove
'Tis possible, I will destroy thine honour.

Clotaldo.

Still he persists. Oh Heav'ns, what must I do ?
I see my honour is once more in peril
Through this mad passion.

Rosaura.

Sure, 'twas not in vain

That this thy tyranny was ushered in
'Mid fearful rumours of crime, treason, death,
In this poor kingdom. What can come of one,
In whom there's nothing human, but the name,
Of one who's cruel, bold, inhuman, proud—
A savage tyrant nurtured among brutes ?

Sigismund.

I appeared courteous, thinking to restrain thee
From these reproaches ; but if I am such
As thou hast said, thou shalt know all I am.—
Ho ! leave us here alone, and bar the door ;
Let no one enter.

[Exit CLARIN.]

Rosaura.

I am lost, oh Heav'ns !

Listen.

Sigismund.

I am a tyrant, and in vain
Would'st thou attempt to curb me.

Clotaldo (aside).

Hapless fate !

I will prevent him, though it cost my life.
My lord, behold—consider—

Sigismund.

What ! Again

Dost thou provoke my anger, weak old man ?
Thinkest thou it is nought to rouse my rage ?
How cam'st thou here ?

Clotaldo.

Hearing this cry, I came
To beg that thou would'st be more merciful,

If thou would'st reign, and not show cruelty ;
For though thou'rt mighty, all may be a dream.

Sigismund. Touching that truth thou dost increase my rage ;
And whether all be real or a dream,
I will discover that, by killing thee.
(*As he is drawing his dagger, CLOTALDO arrests it, kneeling.*)

Clotaldo. Thus would I save my life.

Sigismund. Release the dagger.

Clotaldo. I will not loose my hold, till those appear
Who will restrain thine anger.

Rosaura. Heav'ns !

Sigismund. Leave hold,
Thou frenzied, savage, tott'ring enemy ;
Or thou shalt perish, strangled in my arms.
(*They struggle.*)

Rosaura. Help ! help ! or good Clotaldo will be slain. [Exit.

ASTOLFO enters, while CLOTALDO falls at his feet, and places himself between them.

Astolfo. Why, what is this I see, most valiant Prince ?
Must steel so brave be bathed in frozen blood ?
Return it to its sheath.

Sigismund. Ay, when 'tis stained
With this foul traitor's blood.

Astolfo. Nay, at my feet
He finds a refuge—not in vain I came.

Sigismund. No, for thou cam'st to die ; and I can thus
Avenge myself of all affronts on thee.

Astolfo. To guard my life is no offence to majesty.
(*ASTOLFO draws his sword—they fight.*)

Enter the KING BASILIO, ESTRELLA, and Train.

Clotaldo. Oh, hurt him not, my lord !

Basilio. What mean these swords ?

Estrella. Astolfo—oh my heart !

Basilio. What has occurred ?

Astolfo. Nothing, your Majesty, now thou art here.
(*They sheath their swords.*)

Sigismund. Yes, much has happened—much—though thou art here.
I tried to kill this greybeard.

Basilio.

No respect
For these white locks !

Clotaldo.

My lord, my lord, they're mine,
Therefore 'tis little matter.

Sigismund.

Foolish thought,
To fancy I should care for hoary locks !
Perchance I yet may trample on thine own.
I have not yet avenged the foul injustice
Which in my training thou hast wrought on me. [*Exit.*

Basilio.

Before that happens thou shalt sleep again,
Believing all that's past to be a dream.—
A blessing to the world it was no more.

[*Exeunt the KING and CLOTALDO. ASTOLFO
and ESTRELLA remain.*]

Astolfo.

Fate does not oft deceive, foretelling ill,
Being as certain in calamity,
As it is doubtful in felicity.
Oh, he would be a wise astrologer
Who always prophesied some evil chance—
For his predictions would be all fulfilled.
This may be learned from me and Sigismund
In diff'rent ways ; for fate assigned to him
Calamity, fierce murder, and fell peril ;
And truly did it speak, as we have seen.
To me, who gaze on these transcendent charms,
That make the sun a shade—the heav'ns a mist,
It promised happiness, and power, and wealth :
And thus spake well and ill, for 'tis its plan
To promise good, and show us but disdain.

Estrella.

The truth I doubt not of these courtesies,
But they are better fitted for that lady
Whose portrait was suspended from thy neck,
When first, Astolfo, thou cam'st here to see me.
As she alone deserves these compliments,
Let her repay them, for in love's tribunal
Worthless* are all the compliments and oaths
Rendered to other bodies, other sovereigns.

ROSAURA enters and remains apart.

Rosaura (aside). Thank Heav'n, my woes have reached their goal at last ;

Who beholds this, can have nought else to fear.

Astolfo.

That portrait will I pluck from out my heart,
That thy fair image may inhabit there.
For when the star appears, the shade recedes,

* Literally they are "not good bills."—J. O.

And when the sun appears, the star recedes.
I go to fetch it. (*Aside.*) Pardon, fair Rosaura.
In absence, none show better faith than this. [*Exit.*

Rosaura (*aside*). I have not heard a word, so much I feared
That he might see me.

Estrella. Here! Astræa!

Rosaura. Lady!

Estrella. I'm glad that thou hast come,—to thee alone
I can confide a secret.

Rosaura. Noble Lady!
Thou honourest thy poor servant.

Estrella. Good Astræa,
The time that I have known thee has been short,
And yet the keys to all my will are thine;
For this, such as thou art, I trust to thee,
That which I oft have hidden from myself.

Rosaura. I am thy servant.

Estrella. Well then—to be brief—
Astolf, my cousin, (I will call him cousin,
For there are things that thought alone can speak,)
Will shortly marry me, if fortune please
To heal my many troubles with one joy.
It much annoyed me, that at first he wore
The portrait of a lady from his neck;
I rallied him upon it,—he has gone
To seek it gallantly, and bring it hither;
Now I should feel no small embarrassment,
Receiving it from him;—so tarry here
And tell him to deliver it to thee.
I say no more, thou art discreet and fair,
And, surely, well thou knowest what is love. [*Exit.*

Rosaura. Would I had known it not! Oh, is there one
So wise that he could know what course to take
At such a juncture? Lives there in the world
One upon whom the Heav'ns have dealt some grief?
What must I do in this embarrassment,
When it appears impossible to find
A method to relieve me and console me?
Now, since the first misfortune I endured,
There has not been one single accident
That was not a misfortune in its turn;
Each one inherits from the one before,
Each is a phoenix, from the last is born,
Living upon its death, while from the ashes
The tomb is even warm. A wise man said
Misfortunes, as they ne'er appear alone,
Must be most cowardly, but I affirm,

They are most brave, for ever they advance,
 And never turn their back ; he whom they serve
 May venture all, and never be afraid,
 Lest they should leave him. Well can I say this ;
 I ne'er have been without them,—they persist,
 And will persist, till in the arms of death
 I sink a victim to my evil fate.
 But at this juncture,—Oh ! what must I do ?
 Should I reveal myself, 'tis probable
 I may offend Clotaldo, who has giv'n
 This kind protection to my life ; he told me
 That keeping silence, there would be a hope
 Of aid and honour. On the other hand,
 Should I not tell Astolfo who I am,
 When he is present, how shall I dissemble ?
 For though my voice, my eyes, my tongue may feign,
 My soul will sure convict them of their falsehood.
 What must I do ? Yet wherefore thus reflect
 What I must do ? For 'tis most evident,
 However I prepare myself, howe'er
 I ponder and reflect, I find at last,
 When the occasion comes, that I must do
 That which my grief commands,—as none hold sway
 O'er their misfortunes. Well, then, since my soul
 Dares not prescribe for me a certain course.
 To-day let grief attain its goal, and pain
 Come to its point extreme, that I may cease
 At once from hesitation and from doubt.
 Till then, assist me ! oh, ye Heav'ns, assist me !

Enter ASTOLFO with the Picture.

- Astolfo.* Here is the picture, lady,—gracious God !
Rosaura. Why stands your Highness looking thus amazed ?
Astolfo. At seeing thee, and hearing thee, Rosaura.
Rosaura. Rosaura ! Nay, your Highness is deceived
 In thinking me another than Astræa.
 My humbleness deserves not such high fortune,
 As to disturb thee thus.
- Astolfo.* Enough, enough !
 Of this deceit,—my soul reveals the truth,
 And though it looks upon thee as Astræa,
 It loves thee as Rosaura.
- Rosaura.* Nay, your Highness,
 I do not understand, and cannot answer.
 All I can say is this : The fair Estrella —
 Who is like Venus' star,*—has ordered me

* The old joke.—J. O.

To wait for thee, and tell thee, on her part,
To give that portrait, held of such account,
To me, that I may carry it to her.
This is Estrella's wish; and in all things,
However light, or even to my own wrong,
Estrella need but wish, and I obey.

Astolfo. In spite of all thy efforts, 'tis in vain
Thus to dissimulate. First, tell thine eyes
They must accord their music to thy voice,—
For surely nought but discord can arise
From such an ill-tuned instrument, which seeks
The falsehood that it utters to combine
With all the truth it feels.

Estrella. And I repeat
I'm waiting for the picture—nothing else.

Astolfo. Well, then, since thou wilt carry thy deception
Even to the end, I will sustain it too.
Astræa, thou wilt tell the Princess thus :
So highly I esteem her, that it seems
But little courtesy to send the picture
She asks of me, and therefore do I send her
Th' original, that she may prize it highly.
And thou canst take her that original;
Thou hast it now, as thou art with thyself.*

Rosaura. When once a resolute and valiant man
Resolves to carry out an enterprise,
Though he take that which is of greater worth,
If he have left his purpose unaccomplished,
Dishonoured he returns.—Now I, my lord,
Came for a portrait; and though, as thou sayest,
The original may bear a greater worth,
I shall be blamed. Deliver me the portrait.
Without it I may not return.

Astolfo. Indeed !
Suppose I give it not, how wilt thou take it ?

Rosaura (snatching it). Thus, thus,—ingrate release it.

Astolfo. 'Tis in vain.

Rosaura. By Heaven, no other woman shall possess it.

Astolfo. Nay, thou art terrible.

Rosaura. And thou art false.

Astolfo. Rosaura, my Rosaura, 'tis enough.

* " Y tu llevarsele puedes.
Pues ya le llevas contigo
Como a ti mismo te llevas."

Marvellously poor this bit !—J. O.

Rosaura. *Thine, traitor, thy Rosaura?—It is false.*
(They struggle for the picture.)

Enter ESTRELLA.

Estrella. Astræa and Astolfo!—What is this?

Astolfo. This is Estrella.

Rosaura (aside). Oh, may love inspire
 Some stratagem to get my portrait back.
(To ESTRELLA.) Lady, if thou desirest to know all,
 I will inform thee.

Astolfo (aside to ROSAURA). What dost thou design?

Rosaura. Thou toldest me to wait for Astolf here,
 And, on thy part, to ask him for a portrait.
 Here I remained; and as our minds will oft
 Wander from thought to thought, so did the picture
 Mentioned by thee, bring to my memory
 One which I carried with me—in my sleeve.
 I wished to look at it—when left alone
 We oft commit strange follies—and by chance
 It fell upon the ground. Astolfo came
 To bring the portrait of that other lady,
 And picked up this. So little he desires
 To execute thy wish, that now he seeks
 To give another picture, not the one
 That thou hast asked. Thus 'twas impossible,
 By dint of soft persuasion, to obtain
 My picture back; and I at last, in anger,
 Tried forcibly to take it. Look on it,
 And thou wilt plainly see that it is mine,
 By the resemblance that it bears.

Estrella. *Astolfo,*
 Return the picture. *(Takes it.)*

Astolfo. Nay, most gracious lady.—

Estrella (looking at it). The colours speak the truth.

Rosaura. Is it not mine?

Estrella. Is there a doubt?

Rosaura. Now bid him give the other.

Estrella. Thou hast thy picture, and thou may'st depart.

Rosaura (aside). Ay, now, at last, I have it—come what will. *[Exit.*

Estrella (to ASTOLFO). Give me the picture which I asked of thee.
 For though I do not think I e'er shall see thee
 Or think of thee again, I do not wish
 That thou should'st keep it; the sole cause may be,
 That I so foolishly desired it.

Astolfo (aside). How
Can I avert this blow?—Though I desire
In all things to obey thee, fair Estrella,
I cannot give the picture that thou ask'st,
Because——

Estrella. O false and most disloyal lover,
I will not have the picture at thy hands.
I would not give thee, by accepting it,
The power to remind me that I asked it. [Exit.

Astolfo. Hear me, behold me.—Nay, reflect awhile—
Rosaura, how, whence, wherefore didst thou come
To Poland to destroy thyself and me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The wild Landscape, with the Tower, as in Act I.* SIGISMUND is discovered, chained and dressed in skins, as at first, sleeping on the ground. Enter CLOTALDO, two Servants, and CLARIN.

Clotaldo. Here thou remainest, that thy pride may end
Where it began.

Servant (fastening the chain). I will attach his chain
Where it was placed before.

Clarín. May'st thou ne'er wake,
Poor Sigismund, to see how thou art lost,
How all thy fate has changed! thy glory being
Only a shade of life,—a flame of death.

Clotaldo. To one who talks so wisely, it is well
That we provide a lodging, giving him
A place for his reflections. (*To Servants.*) Seize him, there.
Confine him in the tower.

Clarín. What me?—Why me?

Clotaldo. Because a clarion * that has learned great secrets
Must be imprisoned closely, lest it sound.

Clarín. But did I try to kill my father?—No.
Or did I fling a paltry Icarus
Out of the window? Do I sleep, or dream?
Then why imprison me?

Clotaldo. Thou art a clarion.

Nay, I will be a bugle, and be silent,
For that is a most scurvy instrument.
(*The Servants take him off, and CLOTALDO remains alone.*)

Enter the KING BASILIO, disguised.

Basilio. Clotaldo.

* A play on "Clarín," which, as before remarked, means "a trumpet." If it were not for these two lucky names, "Estrella," and "Clarín," Calderon would soon be at the end of his wit.—J. O.

Clotaldo. How?—Your Majesty!—and thus?

Basilio. An idle curiosity to see
The fate of Sigismund has clad me so.

Clotaldo. Behold him to his wretched state reduced.

Basilio. Unhappy Prince! born in an evil hour!
Awake him, now the opium which he drank
Has lost its force.

Clotaldo. My lord, he seems disturbed.
He speaks.

Basilio. What are his dreams?—Let us attend.

Sigismund (asleep). Ay, let this ruler without parallel
Appear on the great theatre of the world,
That all may see brave Sigismund's revenge
Upon his father. (*Wakes.*)—Hold!—Why, where am I?

Basilio. He must not see me.—Thou know'st what to do,
While I shall listen there. (*Retires.*)

Sigismund. Nay, is it I
That to these chains, this dungeon, have returned?
Old tower, art thou not my sepulchre?
Yes—Heav'ns, what have I dreamed?

Clotaldo (aside). I will approach
And do my part.—Is it yet time to wake?

Sigismund. Yes, yes, 'tis time.

Clotaldo. Dost thou intend to sleep
Throughout the day? Since with my tardy sight
I track'd the eagle in his lofty course,
While thou remainedst here—hast slept since then?

Sigismund. No! Neither am I now awake, Clotaldo,
For I believe that I am sleeping still.
If all I saw so palpably and clearly
Was but a dream, then all that I see now
Must likewise be uncertain. 'Tis no matter—
For now that I am sleeping, I can see
That when I was awake I dreamed.

Clotaldo. Tell me
The substance of thy dream.

Sigismund. Nay, did I think
It only was a dream, I would not tell it.
But what I *saw*, Clotaldo, I will tell.
I woke, and in a bed I found myself,
(Oh flattering cruelty!) which might have been
The flow'ry carpet woven by the spring,
It shone with hues so varied. Then appeared,

Kneeling before me, many noble lords,
Who greeted me their Prince,
Clad me in jewels and the richest clothes.
The calmness of my mind was changed to joy
At that thou toldest me. Though lowly now,
I then was Prince of Poland.

Clotaldo. For my tidings
Did I receive a good reward?

Sigismund. Not good,
Thou wert a traitor, and my heart swelled high.
Twice did I seek to kill thee.

Clotaldo. Didst thou show
Such cruelty to me?

Sigismund. Ay, lord of all,
On all I sought revenge, excepting one,—
A woman, whom I loved,—she, I believe,
Was a reality; since all have passed,
But she alone remains. [Exit the KING.]

Clotaldo (aside). The King retires,
Moved at his words.—We spake about that eagle,
And therefore, sleeping, didst thou dream of empire.
But though 'twas but a dream, it had been well
Hadst thou shown all due honour, Sigismund,
To him that was thy tutor; e'en in dreams
All sense of justice ought not to be lost. [Exit.]

Sigismund. He speaks the truth, and I will learn to check
This haughty mood, this fury, this ambition,
In case I dream again; and well I know
That so 'twill be. It is so strange a world
In which we live, that living is a dream.
Experience has taught me that the man
Who lives, dreams what he is, until he wakes.
The king dreams he is king, and governs all
Under the strange illusion; the applause
Which he receives is written in the wind,
And turn'd by death to ashes—(sorry fate!)
O who could wish for royalty, when knowing
That in death's dream he must at last awake?
The rich man dreams of care-creating wealth;
The poor man dreams he suffers misery;
And he is dreaming who begins to rise,
And he is dreaming who is toiling hard,
And he is dreaming who would seek revenge.
Ay, all the world are dreaming that they are,
Though none are conscious of it. I but dream
That I am here, laden with heavy chains,—
And that more flattering state was but a dream.

Oh, what is life? A phrenzy.—What is life?
 A fiction, an illusion, a mere shade.
 The greatest happiness is little worth;
 For LIFE'S A DREAM,—and dreams are nought but
 dreams.*

END OF ACT II.

THE COUNT DE FOIX.†

FROISSART, the most delightful of Chroniclers, abounds, as every body is aware, with incidents of the most curious interest. His volumes are so many rooms of a storehouse, inexhaustible in materials for the romance-writer, the dramatist, and the narrative poet. Mr. Powell has made a bold choice in the subject that he has extracted from that various treasury. The story of the Count de Foix is of a nature so profoundly tragical, and in some particulars so perplexing, that it required a master-hand to deal with the details in such a manner as to render the perusal other than intolerably painful, and to keep the reader's horror under the control of his commiseration. Froissart has effected this difficult task as if by magic, and we trembled for Mr. Powell when we found him venturing in the footsteps of the sorcerer on such dangerous ground. But "Fortune favours the brave." He has acquitted himself with honour. The narrative is versified with a facility quite remarkable; and the very tone and buoyancy of Froissart have been caught and preserved, not in the lighter parts only, but in those passages which required something much more subtle than mere levity of will and hardihood of spirit, to bear him up and carry him through with success. When we add, that in the amplification of Froissart's narrative, Mr. Powell has shown considerable ingenuity, that his own additions to the web are in keeping with the original tissue, and that he has enriched it with many poetical graces, we have given an opinion certainly very favourable to his pretensions—but not too much so for the talent with which he has vindicated his right to them. We shall content ourselves with few selections, for it would hardly be fair to make many from so short a work; it would be taking the heart out of the mystery; for the whole affair is comprised within sixty pages. Mr.

* It is worth while for any one to read this Play in the original Spanish, for the sake of this speech. It is in rhyme, and has a sort of hurried character, which produces a magnificent effect. I cannot help transcribing the last six lines.

" Qué es la vida? Un frenesí:
 Qué es la vida? Una illusion,
 Una sombra, una ficcion,
 Y el mayor bien es pequeño
 Qué toda la vida es sueño,
 Y los sueños sueño son."

There is a mass of tedious, frigid rubbish in the Spanish Drama,—but when the flash *does* come, it is sometimes glorious.—J. O.

† A Tale of the Olden Time. By Thomas Powell. Effingham Wilson, 18, Bishops-gate Street. 1842.

Powell is already known to us by former poetical publications, of which the merit was not a little damaged by what we, critically speaking, must call his own unpardonable carelessness. Not only did he leave too many screws loose in his versification, but the sense of the thoughts was often utterly disconcerted by his inattention to accuracy of construction. We wish we could say that he has in the present publication shown himself to be quite free from his besetting sin of negligence in composition. But though we cannot go so far, we can congratulate him on much improvement. Those faults of style are comparatively few—we were about to add insignificant—but a glance at one of his pages reminds us, and may prove to our readers, and perhaps to himself, how completely a false word may betray a spirited passage into the slough of bathos.

“The Minstrel took
His sounding harp, and a bright prelude shook
From quivering chords, which seemed alive with song.
Then, looking round upon the beauteous throng,
Thrice waved his hand and plunged amid the strings.
E'en as a swimmer from the tall rock springs
Into the waves, so he amid the flood
Of music,—and he drew the listening crowd,
So wrapt in song they scarcely breathed aloud!
For as a wizard in some secret cell
Moulds thousands to his purpose by a spell,
So do the poet and the minstrel shower
Their spells around them, and with mighty power
Bow to the will the human heart—now brings
Tears to the eyes, with old rememberings.”

Here a single letter too much spoils the whole passage, and *brings* it to a “lame and impotent conclusion.” The verb should, of course, have been *bring*, but an additional *s* was convenient to make the line rhyme to the weak one that follows. Had Mr. Powell paid due reverence to Priscian, he would have avoided the solecism, and so compelled himself to the trouble of finding another rhyme; but he would no doubt have been rewarded by finding one with more reason in it, and more strength.

We need not tell Mr. Powell that “light” and “delight” are not rhymes; French perfect rhymes are far from perfect English ones. We need not tell him that “trance” and “pants” are worse than no rhymes; they are cheats that break the word of promise to the ear! He knows all that well enough, we have no doubt; and he may, for aught we know, smile with complacent indifference at such carpings, as the cavils of “word-catchers that live on syllables.” Youthful aspirants for the bays are too apt to overlook the importance of correctness of diction, without which, we will venture to say, no poet of modern times will live, for without it there is really no clearness and no justness of sense. Even the marvellous poet Spenser, who flourished in the days when the vaunted “well of English undefiled” was current, has added nothing to his fame by making his stanza a bed of Procrustes, on which words, prisoners of rhyme, were clipped or stretched at pleasure. Pope—though it was he who ridicules “word-catchers,”—was, of all writers, the most ambitious of correctness; and though he could “snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,” he was a true

respector, as well as an able expounder, of the "Art of Criticism." And his genius will continue to live by the vital force of its good sense, when all the clever essays that have been written to prove him no poet, are as utterly forgotten as they are already disregarded, by all but crotchetty censors and their unreasoning echoes.

But to our extracts. The wife of the Count de Foix is at Pampe-luna, at the Court of her brother, the King of Navarre. She has been there eighteen years—the long period of her estrangement from her husband, whose palace is at Orthes. She has not seen her only son, Gaston, during all that time. He is now expected on a visit to her and his Uncle. Her emotion, while she is waiting for his arrival, is thus depicted :—

"The Countess rose betimes, for 'twas the day
When she would see her son ; whom, since he lay
Sleeping within his cradle, when she took,
With a foreboding heart, her farewell look
Ere she left Orthes, she had never seen,
Although his form in many a dream had been
Looking upon her from eyes bluely cold,—
And now her boy had eighteen summers told.
Oh, these were thoughts to stir a mother's heart !
Now from her eyes a sudden joy would start ;
Sometimes th' unbidden tear would gush, and waste
Itself upon her cheek : and then in haste
She went to the old turret, where she stood
Watching to see him issue from the wood.
The minutes slowly crawled ; they longer were
(How ill impatience counts against despair !)
Than the sad years she had in sorrow past
Since she beheld the towers of Orthes last.
Then early hopes came o'er her, early dreams,
And youthful joys, when first the dawning gleams
Of life's unsteady day ; ere, half awake,
A hazy glance on all around we take,
Nor know the sweet and bitter, until driven
To crush the cares of earth by thoughts of heaven,
Evading what we have not strength to bear.
And then she wandered to her wedded care,
*Which had, like to a vulture, gnawed away
The bright side of her heart."*

The meeting :—

" 'Twere vain to tell the rapture and the greeting
That gushed from both their hearts at this blest meeting.
At first they had no tongue for words, but grew
Calm by degrees, and then they each went through
Their years of memory. Now she besought
Gaston to tell her all he knew ; then brought
Questions to interrupt him,—then was still
As night to listen : now her eyes would fill
With tears of joy, which she would wipe away.
At length she asked him if the Count was gay
Or grave, and what his message was ? If he
Sent her a token of his courtesy ?—
At which poor Gaston felt inclined to lie,
Making the message kinder than was meant."

The youth, happy in the prospect of an early reconciliation between his parents, takes leave of his mother and uncle, and sets out on his return homeward.

“Loaded with gifts and jewels he departed,
The princely Gaston, young and joyous hearted.
The horses never had such noble paces,
Nor had the peasant girls such smiling faces;
The woods had greener shades and happier throngs,
And every villager sang jocund songs,
Which told in sweet accord with sky and earth:
It was a feeling gladder far than mirth!
All had a sunny aspect. * * *
At length the spires of Orthes rose in sight;
Then burst he out into a sweet delight,
And to his Squire, the courtly Bastinet,
Spake in his gayest mood: ‘I never yet
Felt so much pleasure at those tall old spires;
They glitter bravely in the sunset’s fires.’
Then, spurring on his steed, he soon regained
The stately castle where his father reigned.”

The moral use of ancient family trophies, when suspended in the halls of the descendants of their wearers or gainers, is pithily suggested:—

—————“hear the song
Roll its inspiring harmony along
The lofty roof, graced with old armour hung
Around the walls: fit lesson to the young
To win their honours valiantly, and give
An impulse after death to those who live.”

The Count de Foix is of a noble but hasty and haughty disposition, though usually of affable and seemingly even cheerful demeanour to his dependents and guests; but he is in secret the victim of a rankling sorrow.

“For since the Countess left him, he had known
No human heart that he could call his own,
Save Gaston, and on him he threw the weight
Of a proud spirit,—else, how desolate!”

The horrible circumstance on which the catastrophe hinges, and which we purposely omit because we will not take the edge off of the curiosity of the reader, deprives him of this solace in the most unexpected and appalling manner.

“A thrill of horror ran through all. The Count
Felt his indignant blood in vengeance mount;
And drawing forth his dagger, sprang upon,
With maddened violence, his trembling son.—
* * *

The feast broke up in silence and dismay;—
To his own chamber old Count Gaston went
In studied calmness; pale despair’s content;
He passed the throng of knights and dames, and bowed
His head in courteous wise, but dared not speak.
* * *

He passed to his own chamber.
This was the very chamber where his son

His fair-haired boy, first saw the light of day :
Here he had whiled the weary hours away,
And watched him as he slept.

* * *

Now let us from the father to the son,
And see him fastened in his dungeon.
He sat as though he thought it all a dream
Of the foul night, and that it did but seem,—
It could not be ! Where was his chamber wide,
Hung round with all the pageantry of pride ?
The gorgeous tapestry so bravely wrought,
Where still his ancestors their battles fought ?—

The lines that conclude this portion of the poem are good, but we have not room for them. We must come to the close. The youth has been more than a week in prison, when the wretched father, after a night of miserable dreams,—

“Awaking from a world of bones,
Shrouds and dark worms, with aching heart and limb
Rose from his couch, and taking up the dim
And half-expiring lamp,—
Resolved to visit Gaston.”

He descended, and quietly approached the dungeon,—

“And drawing near the door with noiseless pace,
Paused for an instant ; then looked round the place,
And listened with hushed breath. At length he came
Close to the iron door : throughout his frame
An icy horror ran from head to foot.
He put his ear against the door—no sound
Came to him ; and then placing on the ground
His lamp, he listened stealthily again.
All silent was as death.—Was that a chain
That clanked ? No : all is still,—as still as death.—
He pressed his ear against the rusty hole
Where he should place the key. A feeling stole
Over his throbbing heart, which sent a dew
From every pore.—At length the nerves were true
To his proud spirit, and with calm despair
He turned from off his brow the straggling hair
Wet with his anguish, took a breath, and put
The key within the lock ; then placed his foot
Against the door, while slowly he withdrew
One bolt and then another : now he grew
Cold as a newt in some o’ershadowed brook.”—

Having at last compelled himself to proceed, he —

———“opened the grating door,
And eyeing with forced look the dungeon floor,
Saw his unhappy Gaston lying there
With gaunt and clasped hands, as though in prayer.
‘How now, thou traitor ! Rise ! Why dost not eat
The food I send thee ?—
No word, dumb villain ? Speak ! thy father calls.’
But all was silent, save that the damp walls
Gave a dull echo, like a dying moan.
Thereat the Count de Foix grew fixed as stone ;

But by an effort, and with trembling hand,
 Touched Gaston's face,—Great God! he scarce could stand—
 For it was cold;—then on his knees the old
 Count sank in anguish, felt 'twas clammy cold:
 He saw his eye was glassy,—*knew* him dead.
 'My child! my boy! It cannot be,' he said;
 'He cannot, shall not die!' Then with a cry,
 Brought out by his o'ermastering agony,
 Flung himself down beside his child and threw
 His arms around his neck; kind darkness grew
 Over his eyeballs, and, with one faint groan,
 'The wretched Count fell senseless on the stone.'

At the end of the Poem is a translation of Froissart's account of these transactions; and we think that the perusal of that admirable narrative will increase rather than lessen the satisfaction of the reader with the metrical version of Mr. Powell, inasmuch as it will show with what fidelity he has retained the main features of the story, and in how congenial a spirit of "*picturesqueness*" he has superadded the embellishments of a Troubadour to the animated descriptions of the Chronicler.

EDWIN THE FAIR.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

BY HENRY TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

THIS Play will, we think, sustain the reputation of its author. It is not inferior to his former work. Yet we cannot commend the design so much as the execution of this new production. Having arranged his plot and cast his characters according to his fancy, Mr. Taylor has worked out his own notion with much ability, unquestionably. But in the construction of the plot itself, and in his delineation of some of the actors, more particularly of Dunstan, the hero of the piece, he has not only rejected historical probabilities, but adopted prejudices that betray him into caricature. We do not care much for his aberrations from the fainter lines of history so remote; nor for convenient anachronisms, freely indulged in and as freely avowed; nor for the character of Edwin being represented in the fair colours given to it by some modern writers, though all the weight of elder evidence tends to stamp him as a lawless prodigal and profligate; we do not complain if a vixen mistress be presented to us as the royal and blameless wife; nor do we captiously inquire why Mr. Taylor is content with Hume's version of the story of Edwin, or at least with a version which, if his own, so conforms to Hume's as to induce the suspicion that the dramatist has not taken the trouble to investigate the old authorities with much more care than was previously taken by the historian, who quotes several that he must have read but superficially, or not at all, if we are to judge by the discrepancy between the premises and the conclusions. We are not over-jealous of the encroachments of fiction upon fact at this early stage of our history, though we would not recommend them. We do not dispute the dramatist's right to take

his own course, and we are willing to follow him, even if he leads us astray, provided his deviations are plausibly contrived, and if he introduces us to scenes and circumstances which have at least verisimilitude, if not verity. In the character of Dunstan, as exhibited to us by Mr. Taylor, we see little or no probable likeness to that of a man who, whether he were or were not "pushed sometimes past the confines of his reason," exercised so paramount a sway, not over the raw and ignorant masses only, but over the comparatively civilized thanes and gesiths of his time and country, over ealdermen and kings, and even over the shrewd and tutored intellects of the dignitaries of his own order. That "the Anglo-Saxon times furnish examples of both the hero and the scholar which the Norman can hardly supply," is a fact that Mr. Taylor himself admits, and of which the researches of Turner, Lingard, Augustin, Thierry, and other diligent and judicious examiners of ancient chronicles, will convince any reader who is indisposed to the labour of collating them for himself. Dunstan could never have obtained or held his ascendancy over such men by mountebank tricks of mock-sanctity, or the palpable devices of a "cunning carpenter." No doubt any sturdy charlatan, with sufficient power of face, might, at any period in the tenth century, as in the nineteenth, pass himself off upon the weak or stupid as a worker of miracles. There are no pretensions too monstrous for a class of believers who are found in all ages, and who seem to be generated as the natural prey of the reptiles that live on their credulity. But such quacks have no permanent hold upon society at large, and never establish for themselves an abiding influence over minds and circumstances through which distinction can be achieved. Had Dunstan really degraded himself to the vulgar level of a howling dervise, he might have "pleased the pigs," and frightened the pig-tenders of Mayfield Forest, and alarmed all the old women and children in the neighbourhood, and not a few, perhaps, of the stout churls also (for we do not suppose the hard heads of the boors of Sussex, in the year 956, to have been superstition-proof, any more than those of the clowns of East Kent, who in 1837 and 1838 believed in the divinity of a mad maltster from Truro):—had he given out that he "met the Evil One in bodily oppugnancy," to use Mr. Taylor's stiff phrase, or, in plain English, that he met the Devil and pulled his nose with red hot irons; or had he shut up a confederate in a box made in the form of a cross, and so secured oracular responses exactly suited to his purposes; or had he been such a wizard in mechanics as not only to devise the construction of a wooden platform that should give way under a certain weight, but should fall just at the right time and precipitate his opposers, while he stood safe on the only firm plank, he might have deceived the multitude into a belief in his supernatural powers; but he would never have become the chief leader of his time of a great movement in the Church, the head of the powerful party that caused the law of celibacy of the priesthood to be again enforced in this country, after it had grown obsolete, and re-established it so firmly, against all opposition, that it maintained its authority for five centuries. Of all those juggling feats has Dunstan been accused, as every body knows; but it is remarkable, considering the credit that has been given to the

accusations, that no writer contemporary with Dunstan, or writing soon after his decease, even so much as alludes to them. They were inventions of a later period, pretended to have been derived from Latin documents that had been consumed by fire. For one of them only can we discover any specious foundation. It is related by various writers, that when Dunstan was present at a meeting of the Witan, in Wiltshire, the flooring gave way, and that he was not one of those who had his limbs fractured by the misadventure. The successive annalists to whom we are indebted for that most valuable of all our early records, "The Saxon Chronicle," were careful transmitters of miracles, prodigies, and portents, as well as of more precious matters; but the notice of that accident is simply thus:—

"This year" (978, twenty-two years after the time of Mr. Taylor's Play, and nearly as many after the most likely date of Edwin's death,) "all the ealdermen of England fell, at Calne, off an upper floor; but the holy Dunstan, *Archbishop*, alone stood upon a beam, and some were frightfully hurt, and some escaped not with life." There is no allusion to, or hint of a miracle.

Mr. Taylor has availed himself of those more than equivocal anecdotes to illustrate his view of the character of Dunstan, in which he finds combined, inconsistently, we think, the strictest morals with the loosest principles; the sternest asceticism with the most ambitious and unscrupulous lust of rule; and the wiliness of a mummer with the sincerity of an enthusiast. He makes him talk and act like a fiend incarnate, religiously convinced all the time that "the end sanctifies the means," though endowed with an intellect far too lofty and subtle for credence in so contemptible a dogma. To all this we have little other objection than its incongruity; it is a kind of mosaic character; and indeed, to our taste, the whole story is too much a mosaic of history; and it is scarcely fair to call it "an Historical Drama."

It is, however, a very clever composition; and we shall have great pleasure in giving our readers proofs that, whether we are right or wrong in finding fault with the plan, our strictures arise from no indisposition to acknowledge the merits of the author's performance.

The Play opens in a wood with a dialogue between a swineherd and a forester. There is no getting on with an Anglo-Saxon tale without the help of swine and mast.

"The hog he munched the acorns brown,
Till joyfully twinkled his tail,
And he twitched himself up and he tossed himself down,
And he wriggled and reeled, and galloped and squealed,
As though he were drunk with ale:
For you shall know that what by ale or wine
To man is done, that acorns do to swine."

So sings the swineherd, and we delight in his song. By-the-bye, we doubt whether the gruntling of the above ditty *twinkles* his tail with the same propriety as

"In the rough fern-clad park the herded deer
Shook the still twinkling tail and glancing ear,"

in an "Evening Walk," published some half century ago. But so

sings the swineherd Ulf—though with a heavy heart, for his pigs have now lost their appetite, which misfortune he attributes to their having strayed too near to the place

“where holy Dunstan dwells,
Scourging his wasted body half the night,
And wrestling with the Evil One.”

The forester reproves his ignorance, and tells him that the pigs are plague-stricken on account of the wickedness of “the vile Seculars,” the married priests. They are interrupted by Athulf, the King’s cousin, and brother to Elgiva, the future queen: this earl asks the way to Kingston, and is told that the shortest way is by Warlewood-chase, but that it will lead him near the dreaded retreat where Dunstan “for three weeks past nightly encounters Satan.” Athulf, though for himself indifferent, declines that road, lest his “attendance should wax thin,” and asks to be led by any devious path where he may “eschew the Devil and Father Dunstan.” The forester conducts him by another road to Kingston, where he has an interview with his friend, Earl Leolf, commander of the King’s forces, or Heretoch, between whom and Athulf’s sister, Elgiva, there had been a mutually understood attachment, more serious on Leolf’s side than on the lady’s, for she is now about to wed the King, Edwin the Fair, so called from “his exquisite beauty.” To his friend’s inquiry, “What ails the Court?” Leolf answers,

“Its old disorder; complex and compounded
Of many ills in even shares partaken.
Ambition’s fever, envy’s jaundiced eye,
Detraction that exulcerates, aguish fear,
Suspicion’s wasting pale insomnolence,
With hatred’s canker.”

A good report of bad symptoms, in spite of its hissing plurality of genitive cases—Athulf rejoins,

“To which add no doubt
Monks for Physicians.”

In the next scene we have Dunstan alone in Warlewood-chase, and overhear the following ambitious soliloquy,

“DUNSTAN (*alone*).

Spirit of speculation, rest, oh rest!
And push not from her place the spirit of prayer.
God, thou’st given unto me a troubled being,
To move upon the face thereof, that light
May be, and be divided from the darkness!
Arm thou my soul that I may smite and chase
The spirit of that darkness, whom not I
But Thou thro’ me compellest.—Mighty power,
Legions of piercing thoughts illuminate
Hast Thou committed to my large command,
Weapons of light and radiant shafts of day,
And steeds that trample on the tumbling clouds.
But with them it hath pleased Thee to let mingle
Evil imaginations, corporal stings,
A host of Imps and Ethiops, dark doubts,
Suggestions of revolt.—Who is’t that dares—

Enter GURMO.

Oh! is it thou? What saith my Lord Archbishop?

Gurmo. He will be there.

Dunstan. At Sheen to-morrow?

Gurmo. Yes.

Dunstan. And what my Lady, the Queen Mother?

Gurmo. Here to-night.

Dunstan. I wished not she should come so soon.
No matter—let her choose—To-night then be it.
Go, get thee to the hollow of yon tree,
And bellow there as is thy wont.

Gurmo. How long?

Dunstan. Till thy lungs crack. Get hence. [Exit GURMO.
And if thou bellowest otherwise than Satan,
It is not for the lack of Satan's sway
'Stablished within thee. [Strange howls are heard from the tree.
Well said, Satan! Ay!

'Thou feel'st the red-hot pincers at thy nose.
And call'st thou this a fraud, thou secular lack-brain?
Thou loose lay-priest, I tell thee it is none.
Do I not battle wage in very deed
With Satan? Yea, and conquer! And who's he
Saith falsehood is delivered in these howls,
Which do but to the vulgar ear translate
Truths else to them ineffable? Where's Satan?
His presence, life, and kingdom? Not the air,
Nor bowels of the earth, nor central fires
His habitat exhibit; it is here,
Here in the heart of Man. And if from hence
I cast him with discomfiture, that truth
Is verily of the vulgar sense conceived,
By utterance symbolic, when they deem
That met in bodily oppugnancy
I tweak him by the snout. A fair belief,
Wherein the fleshy and the palpable type
Doth of pure truth substantiate the essence.
Enough! Come down. The screech-owl from afar
Upbraids thy usurpation. Cease I say. [GURMO descends.
Await me in the border of the forest,
By Elstan's Well. [Exit GURMO.

A sturdy knave is yon!
He has transacted murder in his time,
Yet will he walk in darkness through the forest
Nothing discomfited nor scared. Who next?
Ha! the Queen Mother!"

Gunnilda, the Queen Mother, enters; a dame "over whose mean and meagre soul hath monkery triumphed." She is faint with fear and weariness, and prays to be allowed to sit. He politely answers, "If stand thou canst not, kneel!" and the Dowager-Majesty obediently falls on her knees, and thus propitiates her tyrant,

"In thy holy hands
I place myself; thy bidding will I do
As knowing it is Heaven's."

In this reverent posture and frame of mind, she confers with Dunstan on the approaching marriage of the King to his cousin Elgiva; to

which both the mother and the monk are averse, on pretence of their relationship, as within the prohibited degrees, but in reality because Elgiva and her family are of the Secular party, and likely to confirm the King in his disfavour to the Regulars. The Queen Mother amiably suggests the convenience of murdering Elgiva. Dunstan is shocked at her "vulture's appetite" for blood, and proposes the murder of the young Princess's soul only. He does not scruple to give Gunnilda the grossest advice in the most impious terms :—

"Now list the counsel which from Heaven and Earth,
Much reading of their signs and characters,
I learn, and bid thee follow. If less pure
In outward seeming than its sacred source,
Be not the less assured it is from God,
Who works through human frailties to good ends.
Mew not her up, nor yet be strict with him;
Withdraw your watch and ward—let the girl loose—
Loose access give the boy; so shall she fall,
And she so fallen, satiate appetite
Sickens on this side marriage, and there an end."

The old Queen accepts the commission, and consents to act as procuress to her own son in promoting between him and her niece a connection not barely illicit, but in her belief incestuous. Dunstan gives her instructions, too.

"It is an easy task.
Have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, brains
That apprehend not! Let their wills run riot.
What other furtherance a woman's wit
To such an end as this may minister,
Be vigilant to use."—

Then he starts off in one of his hocus-pocus antics.

"Hark!—hist!—a spirit!—
Another—and a third! They're trooping up.

Q. Mother. St. Magnus, shield us!

Dunstan.

Thou art safe; but go;
The wood will soon be populous with spirits.
The path thou cam'st retread. Who laughs i' the air?
Ecce crucem, spargere lucem,
Spiritus Trias, pandite vias!
The way is open."—

And so he frightens the old lady and gets rid of her.

Then follows a scene, in the palace, between Athulf and his sister, in which the latter excuses her inconstancy to his friend Leolf, and receives a touching admonition from her brother.

"Beware, my sister, that ambition's weeds
Choke not the garden where thy love should grow.
In Man, of questionable quality
Ambition has been holden; but in Woman—
Oh! 'tis the veriest beggary of the heart
That Winter ever witnessed!"

The King holds a council, in which it is resolved that his coronation shall immediately take place, in order to check the intrigues of the Regulars, who are stirring up sedition in the country, and setting up the claims of Prince Edgar, the younger brother of the King, and a

mere child, to a share of the kingdom. Then follows some pretty love-trifling between Edwin and Eigiva. The Queen Mother and Dunstan steal to the door, and finding their intended victims in close conversation, retire satisfied, Dunstan coarsely whispering to his companion,—

“Madam, to bed, and let no light be seen,
Nor any voice be heard in bower or hall.”

The next day Edwin and his confidants meet in a forest on pretence of hunting, and solemnly agree that Edwin shall be crowned on St. Austin's Eve, by the Bishop of Rochester, if Odo, the Archbishop, who is quite under the influence of Dunstan, should refuse to officiate. They then disperse; and Athulf and Leolf are left together.

The following discourse between the two friends has much heart as well as much elegance in it:—

“Leolf.

Athulf, stay:

I am for Sussex, there to raise my power.

Athulf. Your seneschal is there; what needs yourself?

Leolf. Nor you nor I can longer blind ourselves,
I am needed no where.

Athulf.

Leolf, on my soul,

What I do see, I see with grief and shame.

Leolf.

Reproach her not; she is a child in years,
And though in wit a woman, yet her heart,
Untempered by the discipline of pain,
Is fancy-led. One half the fault is mine.
She is a child; and, look—upon my head
Already peepeth out the willowy grey.
My youth is wearing from me.

Athulf.

Nay, not so.

Leolf. And youth and sovereignty, with furtherance fair
Of a seductive beauty in the boy,
What could they but prevail!

Athulf.

No child is she;

And if she were, is childhood then so false?
She is weak of heart.

Leolf.

No more. For Hastings I—
No more—or, Athulf, but one word—but one—
To her I would not say it, but to thee,
My friend in all fidelity approved!
I—Athulf, she is gone from me for ever! . . .
But this remains—I can devote my life
To serve her and protect her—broken hearts
Have service in them still—Oh, more than strength
Is in the sad idolatry that haunts
The ruinous fane of their deserted faith!
I can adore her, serve her, shield her, die—
I pray you pardon me—Is shame no more?
I should be silent, for I am not licensed
To either dotage—that of youth or age.

Athulf.

Oh Leolf! oh my friend!

Leolf.

Quit we the theme,
But from my griefs and me this counsel take;
Expend the passion of thy heart in youth;
Fight thy love-battles whilst thy heart is strong,

And wounds heal kindly. An April frost
Is sharp, but kills not ; sad October's storm
Strikes when the juices and the vital sap
Are ebbing from the leaf."

The King sends Athulf to Dunstan to signify his pleasure touching his coronation ; the services of the Abbot, as well as of Archbishop Odo, being required. Arrived at the Monastery of Sheen, Athulf asks two monks whom he meets in the corridor, whether the Abbot of Glastonbury be within, and he is told that he is, but that he will hardly give his attention to any one coming on secular concerns at that moment, as " he is about to scourge himself." Athulf drily answers,—

" I'll wait ;
For a king's ransom I would not cut short
So good a work."

Dunstan is presently discovered in an oratory, in a shirt of sack-cloth stained with blood, reclined on a straw pallet. Odo, the Archbishop of Canterbury, stands near him. They converse on their projects against the King and his supporters, and Dunstan exclaims,—

" Brother, lo !
With blasting and with mildew shall they perish !
With madness, blindness and astonishment
Shall they be smitten, the young man and the virgin,
Terror within them and a sword without !
One way against us shall their host come forth,
And seven ways flee before us."

Athulf is introduced, and delivers his message unceremoniously ; receives an evasive answer from the two churchmen, and retires leaving the Lord Abbot to resume his conference with the Archbishop, whose morals, with regard to the disgusting means by which Edwin's intended marriage to Elgiva is to be prevented, are just as accommodating as the Queen Mother's to the views of Dunstan.

In the Second Act we are introduced to Wulfstan the Wise (chaplain to Earl Leolf), and Emma his daughter. The first is a dreamy nondescript, something between a Dominie Sampson and a late metaphysical poet of great celebrity,

" With large round silvery head and fair round face,
And those lost eyes so lustrous."

Wulfstan " never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one."

" This life, and all that it contains, to him
Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
Filled with book-wisdom, pictured thought, and love
That on its own creation spends itself."

If this character, Wulfstan, be designed, as it seems to be, for Mr. Coleridge, we condemn it from beginning to end, as a specimen of bad taste and false drawing. Mr. Taylor should have studied the " Aids to Reflection" before he ventured on any delineation so personal ; and he should have studied the Art of Moral Perspective more nicely in this peculiar case, before he attempted to draw such a character at all. The man who has been styled " The Wonderful," by one well qualified to judge of his wonderful attainments, and who

has really disseminated more *practical* knowledge of ethics (in alliance with and subordination to Christianity), than any individual since the days of Bacon, ought not to be made a scenical object of *persiflage*. We could sooner forgive Foote for his intended stage mimicry of the living Johnson, who had the club of Hercules to defend himself with, than we would Mr. Taylor for irreverence to the memory of Coleridge. It was part of the farcist's vocation to gibe and disfigure Genius. Mr. Taylor's is a higher calling. It is no part of his business to quiz the Translator of "Wallenstein," and the Author of "Remorse," and "Zapolya." We should say to him:—

"Know thine own worth, and reverence the Lyre!"

Wulfstan's daughter, Emma, is a still more whimsical character than himself. She is in love with Leolf, whom she knows to be devoted to Elgiva; and for the sake of following him to the Court, and aiding the interests of the King's party, persuades a foolish lover, Ernway, a follower of Earl Leolf, to pretend a stolen marriage with her. On the only occasion in which he appears in the Play, except as a mute, she uses him as capriciously as Phœbe treats Silvius, and their dialogue is in the same strain.

"Ernway. Although you love me not, you should not scorn me:
Lest some day you be scorned yourself.

Emma. 'Tis true,

I should be gentle; and, good faith, I love you,

Not amorously, I own, but amicably.

You are a kind and most affectionate fool.—

Such is my friendship; and this many a day

I have not taxed you for returns. But now——

Ernway. What can I do?

Emma. What will you?

Ernway. Nay, what not?

Emma. You will get nothing for it.

Ernway. Not a smile?

Emma. A smile at most; assuredly not more.

Ernway. I am content to lie and cheat for that.

Emma. You come from court. There's much of service there

Is of that kind, and in that kind requited.

Now you will instantly to court again,

And for the service you can do—'tis this,

To take me with you.

Ernway. I would kneel for years

But for the blessing of a morning dream

That told me you would ask me this in earnest.

Emma. You are to present

The shadow of a husband—nothing more,

And this but for a season—

There, you may kiss my hand;

And now I pray you, go.

Ernway. Good bye, sweet Emma.

Emma. Call me, 'dear wife,'—'sweet Emma' is too loving."

Compare this with the following, from "As You Like It."

"Silvius. Sweet Phœbe, do not scorn me; do not Phœbe;

Say that you love me not; but say not so

In bitterness.—Oh, dear Phœbe,

If ever, as that ever may be near,
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Love's keen arrows make.—Sweet Phæbe, pity me.

Phæbe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Silvius. I would have you.

Phæbe. Nay, that were covetous.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
 I will endure; and I'll employ thee too;
 But do not look for further recompense
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Silvius. So holy and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
 To glean the broken ears after the man
 That the main harvest reaps; loose now and then
 A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon."

In this Act the coronation of Edwin takes place; followed by the banquet, which the King quits too soon, to the great offence of the disaffected nobles; a brawl arising out of Edwin's refusal to return, when insolently sent to, occurs between them and his friends. In the meantime the King is hastily married to Elgiva by his chaplain. Odo and Dunstan seek him, and forcibly separate the newly-wed pair, sending off the Queen to Chester Castle, in charge of its governor, Harcather, and his son Ruold, while Edwin is hurried away to the Tower by his rebellious subjects.

A synod is held to determine the question of the validity or otherwise of the King's marriage. The two parties, Regulars and Seculars, muster in strong force. The latter are likely to carry the day in favour of the King; but Wulfstan the Wise, who is their ill-chosen mouth-piece, bolts to Mount Olympus at the very first start of his oration, and botches the whole business. It is on this occasion that Dunstan plays off the conjuration of the oracular cross. Having previously encased Gurmo within the frame of the huge crucifix which is affixed to the wall over the shrine of St. Augustine in the synodical chamber, he audaciously appeals

"To Christ upon the cross: O name divine!
 Is it thy will that this the assembled Church
 Should ratify these nuptials? Yes or No?"

A voice from the crucifix answers

"*Absit hoc ut fiat! Absit hoc ut fiat!*"

Most of the assembly fall prostrate; there is a solemn pause; and Dunstan, who has remained erect, stretches his hand towards the cross and fulminates a terrible anathema on the marriage, the Queen, and the chief supporters of the King. The Secular party retire amidst the shouts and execrations of the Regulars.

We have still two acts to consider, which, however, we must postpone until the next number, our examination having already exceeded our limits.

(*To be continued.*)

Shakespeariana.

IN Mr. Charles Knight's "Store of Knowledge," p. 86, appears a passage which does not seem to justify the assertion there so broadly put, *viz.*, that a Statement of *Malone* in reference to the fact of Shakespeare's Father's ability to write, was untrue.

On carefully inspecting the *facsimile* of the document which Mr. Knight gives his reader, it will be observed that in the first column *George Wheteley* the High-bailiff makes his *sign* by a rude representation of an inverted W, and after him the Aldermen sign in like manner, some by making rude representations of the Initial Letter of their Surnames, or some arbitrary device, or by the *cross*. In the second column of signatures appears, first the autograph Signature of *William Brace*; and underneath, in one and the same handwriting, appear the names of *John Shakspeare*, *Thomas Dyson*, and six others. On the left hand side of the name, "Thomas Dyson," is rudely represented the letter "D," and on the right-hand side a rude "ff," and opposite to the names of the other six persons are their *signs* or *marks*, two of which signs are rude delineations of the letter "C," the remainder being the + or other arbitrary marks. The names of the persons who were unable to make a full signature appear to have been written by a clerk.

It is well known to those who are conversant with ancient MSS. that the parties signing any document seldom made the *sign* of the *cross* (a custom to be traced to the Saxon age), unless they were totally illiterate, *i. e.* could neither read nor write; those who were semi-literate, *i. e.* could either read print or manuscript, usually signed by making a rude representation of the Initial Letter of their surname, and sometimes of their surname and Christian name, or by some device founded thereupon, similar to those marked on bales of goods, of which the devices of the old printers afford a fair specimen.

In the present instance John *Shakspeare* meant to sign with an *ff*, which in those days was often used in MS. as a capital S, but by ignorance he has delineated an *ff*, to which the *ff* bears great resemblance. The mode of writing the cursive *ss* was not dissimilar from the *ff*, of which a fair specimen is presented in the very document of which Mr. Knight gives a facsimile.

In MSS. of that and of more ancient date, the Initial Letters of proper names were very commonly written without a capital, and *ff*, *ll*, and *ss*, were constantly used as the capital letters F, L, and S.

The circumstance of the inverted W, which is the *Sign* of the head-bailiff, and the *ff*, being taken for A, together with the fact that "John *Shaksper*" is written rather above the *ff*, and not exactly opposite to it, as in the other instances, may have caused what seems to have been an erroneous conclusion of Mr. Knight, *viz.*, that Shakespeare's Father could write—for it must be remembered that these "marksmen" signed somewhat at random, and the clerk in attendance had to fill in their names as orderly as circumstances would permit. Indeed, if the *ff* has to be assigned to *Thomas Dyson*, before whose name it stands, what is to become of the D, which stands behind or on the left hand side of his name?

Whatever conclusion, therefore, is to be drawn from this fac simile extract from the Council-book, is, that the Father of Shakespere was semi-literate, for he could not only read print but MS., as is evident from his making a manuscript capital for his sign. A close comparison of the facsimile also seems to justify some of the foregoing observations, which it is conceived are obvious to those acquainted and conversant with ancient writings and records.*

T. E. T.

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON the 10th of September, Covent Garden Theatre opened under the management of Mr. Charles Kemble, with the Opera of "Norma," and a two act piece, "Gertrude's Cherries," by Mr. Douglas Jerrold.

The Opera was sustained by the chief performers of last season, with the exception of Giubilei, who took the place of Mr. Leffler in the character of the *High Priest*; and this alteration, notwithstanding the latter has fine qualities, was an improvement in the cast. Miss Kemble sustained this, undoubtedly her most popular part, with as much success as ever. Her recent indisposition seemed to have checked a little of her exuberant energy, and thus added an additional grace and tenderness to her performance. Never did she more thrillingly touch the hearts of her audience, nor more poignantly portray the passion-tossed priestess. Miss Rainforth sang with her usual plaintive and pathetic power, and was rapturously received. Of Mr. Harrison, it can only be said, that he does not seem to have improved; and his continued straining to emulate the intense tenderness and force of Rubini, only adds to the pain which the audience evidently feel at his total incapacity to produce the result required.

"Gertrude's Cherries, or Waterloo in 1835," is one of those pieces that may almost be said to have been invented by Mr. Jerrold. It is above Melodrama, though it wants its intense interest; and it is beneath Tragedy or Comedy, because it wants the depth of purpose that should be apparent in such compositions. The plot in these kind of pieces is not so much used to develop a story as to produce a series of scenes;—to group together, as in life, a number of contrary characters, and by the situations thus produced to strike out absurdities, and portray the true characteristics of human nature. This is a very high aim, and approaches, indeed, to one of the highest efforts of the Romantic Drama: of course, the power of developing such an aim is very various. In the present instance, something has been omitted; for although several of the scenes told on the audience, yet,

* As the Number of Mr. Knight's "Store of Knowledge" here referred to, containing this and several other illustrations, and a very excellent life of Shakspeare, can be had for threepence, the facsimile has not been reprinted.—ED.

as a whole, there seemed to be a deficiency of interest. In sketching some characters, such as that of *Gertrude*, so much depends on the delineation, that the Author and Actor must have kindred imaginations; and this was not the case in the present instance. The Author can only suggest the light, the graceful, the pathetic, and the playful: the art of the actors must carry out the intention. It is easily to be imagined that *Gertrude* rose to the imagination of the Author, one of those enchanting creatures of womanhood that unite the tender and the gay, and that are equally radiant through the mist of tears as in the sunshine of smiles. The same remarks apply to the other personages of the Drama, and, with the exception of Mr. Wigan, in an impudent Frenchman, and Mr. Meadows, in a travelling undertaker, there was a total absence of appreciation of the Author;—though, to say the truth, the Author had not, in this instance, delineated with so strong an outline as he is wont. The part of *Jack Halcyon*,—a character, though, depending too much on mere characteristics,—was totally mistaken by Mr. Harley, who burlesqued it, very much to the delight of the audience, which is always more ready to roar at absolute folly than to enjoy a pleasant exposition of character. The serious part of the story laboured under the same difficulties. A father, remorseful at the too hasty disinheriting his son, was delineated with all the stage business of broken-hearted fathers, but the nice touches of Nature that may be seen rising through the Author's language, were crushed in the huge style adopted to rasp, not gently touch, the hearts of the audience.

The perusal of the piece gives a higher idea of the Author's powers than the seeing the performance. Much of this is owing to that want of imagination on the part of the Actors that has already been referred to; though something must be set down to the largeness of the theatres, and the consequent style of the performances, that tend only to throw out the coarser delineations, and slur all the finer. Such a piece, with competent actors, at the Haymarket, would have told admirably. Those nice scintillations of wit, and pleasant gleams of thought, that give a charming light and shade to all productions of mind, would be appreciated, and convey the highest mental enjoyment. It would be nearly as reasonable to produce a picture of Rembrandt's on a large stage, and expect it to be appreciated, as a piece like this, that consists of a series of minute and filmy thoughts and feelings. The Author, it has been said, thought highly of it; and rightly he did so, for he performed it in his own glowing imagination, with all the adornments of strong conception and all the graces of appropriate action and expression. What must be his annoyance to see it hacked into pieces, and made the mere vehicle of getting a certain number of rounds of boisterous applause! But such must be the fate of Authors until acting becomes again the pursuit only of imaginative and poetic minds.

On the 12th of September was acted that, which, to produce in its requisite excellence, taxes the utmost powers of the Dramatic Poet, a Five Act Play—"Love's Sacrifice, or The Rival Merchants." It is almost needless to say that this mixed kind of Drama, though derived by us from the Spanish, has in no literature been produced in

such perfection as our own. As portrayed by Shakespeare, it is acknowledged to be the crowning effort of the human mind. His compeers were not far behind him in the delineation of some individual scenes, and one has left a play with the same name, though not the same plot as that now considered. "Love's Sacrifice," by Ford, should not have been recalled to mind by the Author of "The Rival Merchants." There is, indeed, the same kind of business in both. A mixture of grave and comic scenes. An underplot of foolish and vicious characters. A thoughtless unthrift of a gallant, roguish servants, and gay ladies. The same bustle of incident, the same involvement of story. Even the same sound of verse and the same manner of expression. We have in both, "Troth, Sir," and the same set phraseology, and even the same amplifying style, on any particular subject that occurs. Suspicion, Youth, Despair, are each-key notes to a prelude of rhetoric from both Authors. In truth, so alike are these plays and many others, that the players, who always judge piecemeal of every thing, can see no difference in them. The patterns being the same, and the plating remarkably thick, and not having any other test than appearance, they mistake the Sheffield for Potosi: and are indignant with those who disagree with them.

And wherein, may ask the reader, is the difference?—Simply in the genius that fills the outline—simply in the creative, imaginative, passion-produced poetry, that gives life and pulses to the framework. The one is, at the best, a good anatomy, a chemical Frankenstein; but the true one is a creation that calls forth the soul's powers, and gives to the spectator that impulsive sympathy that compels him to identify himself with every motion of the poet's imagination. Again, it is asked, but bad plays, or plays said to be bad by those assuming the critical function, frequently affect an audience to laughter or tears? Human tears and human laughter are raised by such various means,—they are symbols of such various and opposite emotions,—that they cannot be received as intellectual tests. We laugh at a Jack Pudding—and at Benedict and Beatrice.—We weep with Othello and the Sonnambula; but our doing so is no criterion of the merit of either. We laugh at any thing that suddenly and strongly opposes our notions of the appropriate. We weep at any thing that merely suggests to us poignant suffering. Depict children famishing round their mother, and heighten the picture with all the wretchedness of distress, and it would draw more tears than Desdemona pleading. Let John Reeve dash the porter in the messenger's face in Abrahamides, and we laugh more boisterously than at the most brilliant repartee of Congreve.

"The Rival Merchants," however, does not even excite the most superficial emotion. The admixture to produce it is mingled in so artificial and methodical a manner that it loses its effect. Indeed, we know that when a man of good feelings has implicated himself in distressing circumstances, we ought to mourn for him; and if, in addition, a perfect and pattern-like daughter is involved with him, we ought still more to sympathise with them. So also when we see a quaint, odd, absurd old knave, frightened and circumvented, we ought to laugh. But whether we do so or not depends on the in-

ventive genius and imagination of the Author. If he has by diligent study or "a fatal facility" of imitation, merely deduced from others a recipe for this kind of production, it will prove vapid and tasteless. In vain will the heroine copiously utter her woes—vain will be the clever contortions of imitation agony—without that truth that is to make us all one kin, in vain will be all that is done. And so it is with the modern "Love's Sacrifice." It is grief and mirth served out at so much a line, upon the most approved stage principles. Look at the old "Love's Sacrifice," and let any one read the Scene at the end of the Second Act, and then all that has been said will be exemplified. In the one production, all is old as the Stage, in the other, all is as fresh as true human passion ever is.

It is said not to be equal to the same Author's "Provost of Bruges," and that can be easily be believed. That play was doubtless the production of his own unbiassed imagination: but this one has been cut and shaped and conceived according to stage conventionalities. And the consequence is, like other artificial and exotic productions, it wants the vigorous life of passion and nature. It is certainly beginning to be universally acknowledged that no persons are so incompetent to judge of plays as players.

The plot has not been detailed, because all who are interested in such matters have already, doubtless, been acquainted with it from the newspapers. To those who have not, suffice it to say, that the distress turns on the emotions produced by a good man, who has slain another in self-defence, being, after he has acquired fame and fortune, worked upon by a rival merchant in consequence of his possessing his secret. The villain is disagreeable to the daughter of the good man, but overpowers her feelings, and compels her to accept him, by threatening otherwise to destroy her father by the promulgation of his crime. This is prevented by the murdered man being found to be alive—and other contrivances equally new and ingenious. The clumsiness and commonness of the plot would have little mattered, as with many of our old Dramatists, if, when the situations had been obtained, they had been applied to a true and forcible delineation of the passions. But, alas! notwithstanding "all the contortions of the Sybil, the inspiration was wanting."

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

On the 19th, "Alma Mater, or a Cure for Coquettes," styled a new and original Comedy, was performed at this theatre. A great deal of what has been said of the Five Act Play may be said of this,—with the considerable difference, however, that the one is a clever and decent application of stage-tactics, and this last is a clumsy and gross application of them. The bills make a sad mis-statement, for it is not a Comedy, nor is it new or original. The incidents, such as they are, are taken from "Charles O'Malley," or a piece founded upon it; and the characters, or rather persons of the Drama, have been stock theatrical human beings time out of mind. When we read their names, we know their conduct, and can imagine their language. Though it must be acknowledged, in this instance, that the names are the

most substantial portion of these characters. *Sir Samuel Sarcasm* is only a very ill bred old man. *Dr. Dactyl*, so great a fool that even a workhouse would not give him an appointment, much less a University. *Wildfire* is an apprentice broke loose, as indeed may be said of all the gentlemen commoners, as here represented. *Major O'Gorman* is an Irishman who talks against duelling; and *Gradus* is a Wrangler at Oxford (!!) who obtains high honours, although he cannot utter two words of common sense. The ladies are to match. The *Widow Venture* is one of those stage widows that Mrs. Glover has, very kindly to young authors, for years performed, varying the words a little. *Miss Lilly Venture*, her daughter, in the exuberance of her gaiety, mingles with a flock of young drunkards in a manner that Foote, in his comedies, only attributed to ladies of a peculiar profession.

The piece pleased the audience, and for this simple reason—they were ignorant of the life and manners intended to be represented; and, therefore, seeing trencher hats and gowns, they concluded they were faithful. There were some of what are called “capital jokes,” about having and not having money. There was a great deal of going in and out, of shaking hands and slapping on the back, and a glorious supper with sham champagne, and a song with a jovial chorus. There was really some very good facsimile scenery, and altogether an appearance of every-day life that is sure to delude those who go into the theatre after a pleasant dinner, and don't much care what is placed before them, so that it is not very long and prosy.

It is not desirable that the theatre or the audience should be contented with such a piece; but, as they are, we can only hope that a higher aim may present itself to the Author; and that, instead of wishing to be ranked with the Authors of *Tom and Jerry*, et cetera, he may discover that the Drama can afford laurels of a fresher hue and better kind. The ambition must be low that stoops to such means of notoriety. To be ranked with Terence, Molière, and Fletcher, may be, and is, a laudable desire; but to be classed with the former is to be gibbeted, not embalmed.

Critical Register of Books.

Antiquities.

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Medium 8vo. pp. 1134. London: Taylor and Walton.

This excellent work, which has been already favourably noticed in this periodical, as proceeding prosperously, is now completed. It does its editor, contributors, and publishers great credit, and its articles are far superior to any thing of the kind we have yet noticed in English. Among them we would especially praise an article on the Painting of the An-

cients, singularly full of exact and critical information, for the most part new to the public. This dictionary, which we can conscientiously recommend to our readers, is particularly rich in illustrations derived from German and Continental authors, who have been hitherto strangely neglected in this country, though unrivalled as critical expositors of the classics. The illustrations are numerous and beautifully designed.

Educational Works, &c.

A Key to German, for Beginners; or Progressive Exercises on the German

Language. By William Wittich, Teacher of German in University College. 12mo. pp. 146. London: Taylor and Walton.

This is a key to the same author's work—"German for Beginners, or Progressive Exercises on the German Language." It merely consists of the original German, which having been translated in the Progressive Exercises, the pupil will have an opportunity of seeing how he has succeeded in his translation. This is a mode that has always been found admirably adapted to acquire a knowledge of the construction of a language.

Essays, &c.

Selected Letters. Edited by the Rev. T. Chamberlain. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 272. London: James Burns.

"The primary object of this selection has been to bring together a mass of sound christian advice, and opinions bearing upon the daily concerns of human life." This intention is fulfilled by making a selection from our most celebrated characters, and classifying them in the following manner:—1. On education, and entering on life; 2. On difficulties in religion; 3. On character and conduct in private life; 4. On public duties: chiefly historical.

The selection, though containing the letters of some celebrated men, does not seem to us, on the whole, very inviting or interesting. Perhaps from its adhering too closely to its purpose, and thus becoming too didactic. One of the most interesting letters is that from "St. Jerome to Læta, on the education of her daughter," and this because it contains, besides mere precepts, a graphic reflection of ancient manners, and is written in a lively and suggestive style.

Like the rest of the works published by Mr. Burns, it always creates a pleasant feeling towards the fathers and regimen of the Romish Church.

The Political Works of Marcus Tullius Cicero: comprising his Treatise on the Commonwealth, and his Treatise on the Laws, translated from the Original, with Dissertations and Notes, in two volumes. By Francis Bar-

ham, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo pp. 626. London: Spettigue.

These treatises are the acknowledged master-pieces of Cicero, and all Latin eloquence. On their recovery by Cardinal Mai, from Palimpsest MSS. in the Vatican, their extraordinary merit was confessed by all European scholars. Mr. Barham's translation is so faithful, that all the lovers of Cicero who are less familiar with Latin than English will find it a delightful addition to their libraries.

Law.

An Act to amend the Acts for the Commutation of Tithes in England and Wales; and to continue the Officers appointed under the said Acts for a Time to be limited. With Notes by John Meadows White, Esq., Solicitor to the Tithe Commissioners for England and Wales. 12mo. pp. 52. London: B. Fellowes.

The notes to this edition of the Act are various, and very much to the purpose. It is impossible for any one unused to legal works to interpret correctly the force of their language. Mr. White is quite aware of this fact, and has been careful to elucidate the true meaning of the law in his notes, thus rendering a service to the non-professional who may have to consult the Act itself.

The Parish Constables Act (5 & 6 Vic. cap. 109), with Notes, Forms, and Index. By William Golden Lumley, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Poor Law Commissioners. Fcp. 8vo. pp. 80. London: Shaw and Sons.

The Introduction contains a clear epitome of the Act, and the notes illustrate various points of the law bearing on the subject. A copious Index is also appended, which will be found specially useful.

Medical.

The Preservation of Health, with an Account of the principal British and Continental Spas, and Watering Places. By John Harrison Curtis, Esq., Author of "A Treatise on the Diseases

of the Ear." 4th edition, Fcp. 8vo. pp. 382. London: Churchill.

Many persons have long desired a work, which in a small compass should supply them with the information they need respecting the medicinal virtues and chemical constituents of the various spas to be found in Great Britain and on the Continent. This want is supplied by the work under notice, of which about two hundred pages are devoted to a careful examination of the qualities of these springs, and contain also ample directions for their use; in addition to which, the circumstances in which they respectively would prove injurious, are clearly pointed out, thus making this portion of the work valuable to the invalid.

The improvement of the metropolis, by attention to the drainage and sewerage, opening the squares and parks, and laying out new parks in the more crowded districts, and by the erection of public fountains and pumps, deservedly occupies a large portion of the book. No one who reasons rightly, and entertains any regard for the welfare of large communities, can fail to be struck with the vast importance of these points. The alterations recommended would materially improve the sanatory condition of London, and might be carried out with advantage in every large town throughout the kingdom. Passing from the consideration of the health of the community to that of the individual, we find very valuable advice with respect to exercise, clothing, diet, bathing, the causes and prevention of disease, and, finally, the injurious influence of the hours of business being too protracted. This, which is a crying evil, is one of the most dangerous to individual health, and at the same time one of the most neglected.

There are many who are not aware of the existence of numerous spas in and around London, which formerly enjoyed a high reputation in the cure of disease, but which have since, from a concurrence of fortuitous circumstances, fallen into disrepute. Mr. Curtis has collected a large amount of information with

respect to these from the olden writers, and has also made personal researches as to their qualities and uses, with which he is so satisfied that he strongly advises that they should be given a fair trial by the invalid previous to a trip to the provincial or continental springs. The work altogether forms an excellent guide to the British and Continental Spas and Watering Places, and the invalid will find it to be indispensable.

On the Different Forms of Insanity, in relation to Jurisprudence; designed for the Use of Persons concerned in Legal Questions regarding Unsoundness of Mind. By James Cowles Prichard, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 12mo. pp. 244. London: H. Baillière.

The celebrity of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of the knowledge and soundness of the sense displayed in the present treatise. The introduction tells us that "it is not offered, as it may be judged from its small extent, as a complete treatise on Jurisprudence connected with Insanity, or designed to take the ground which has been occupied with more or less of success by the writings of Pyl, Metzger, Heinroth, and Hoffbauer, in Germany; by the compilation of Chambeyron, or the works of Esquirol, Marc and Georget, in France; and by the treatises of Collinson, Dr. Conolly, Ray, and others, published in the English language. Its design is to convey to persons who either regularly or accidentally are engaged in affairs referring to lunatics, or in trials in which there is question of the sanity or insanity of individuals, such information respecting the different kinds and modifications of mental unsoundness as it may be required for them to possess, in order that they may be enabled to determine on verdicts, or to direct and instruct juries to that effect." These aims are admirably fulfilled; the language being simple and clear, and the illustrations apt and convincing. The various kinds of insanity and propensities of the unsound in mind are all brought under consideration, and reveal a weakness and amount of intellectual degradation that may well appal the strongest

mind. The work is not only valuable to the functionaries to whom it is more particularly addressed, but also to that larger class of philosophic readers, who will consider it as an additional illustration of that history and examination of Man, which Dr. Prichard's other admirable treatises have done so much to develope.

The Diseases of the Bladder and Prostate Gland, with Plates. By William Coulson. Third Edition, revised and corrected, 8vo. London: Longman.

We cannot do justice to our design of giving the public a monthly critical register of all important works of recent publication, without occasionally noticing those of a medical character. Among these, one of the most interesting to the medical profession is Mr. Coulson's learned and inclusive work on the diseases of the bladder. Written in the simplest and clearest style, remarkable alike for scientific precision and popular intelligibility, it is no wonder that this treatise has so rapidly reached its third edition. It possesses in a high degree that indispensable requisite, practicality.—Every line bears on the actual matter of fact with which a surgeon ought to be intimately acquainted. Mr. Coulson's book is the result of an extensive experience, the reflection of actual familiarity with the cases of which he treats,—his literature springs from his practice, as well as his practice from his literature. And when we consider the alarming frequency of urinary complaints, and their difficult complexity, and their intense obstinacy, we cannot but rejoice that a surgeon of so much talent and reputation should be directing his most earnest attention to diseases that have so often baffled the faculty, and embittered or destroyed so many valuable lives.

The Hydropathic Cure of the Gout
By G. H. Weatherhead, M.D. pp. 100.
London: Highley.

"Water is best," said Pindar in his first ode, 2000 years ago. Wise folks are now beginning to find the truth of that old gentleman's adage. Dr. Weatherhead, in this amusing and piquant little pamphlet, states that his faith in Priessnitz's hydropathic treatment is founded on his own per-

sonal experience,—for, being belaboured by a most grievous attack of the malady of which he treats, he was cured by cold water in double quick time. Now, therefore, like a good philanthropist, he endeavours to impart the benefit he has himself received. Whether the Doctor charges any fees for administering the pure element, does not appear, but from analogical reasoning the affirmative may be presumed.

Natural History, &c.

The Bible Garden; containing a brief Description of all the Trees and Plants mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. By Joseph Taylor. The Illustrations selected and etched on steel, by W. H. Brooke, F.S.A. 2nd Edition, revised and corrected. Sq. 16mo. pp. 260. London: Dean and Munday.

This very pretty and well printed book gives an account, in simple and clear language, of the principal trees and plants so frequently referred to in the Scriptures. Of course the chief plants can only be described, and all scientific descriptions are avoided; such a popular description being given, as enables the general reader to understand the nature and properties of the plants. It is intended for an intelligent child; but many adults will derive a great deal of information from it. The illustrations are numerous, and for the kind of book remarkably good.

Statistics of Dissent in England and Wales, from Dissenting Authorities; proving the Inefficiency of the Voluntary Principle to meet the Spiritual Wants of the Nation. 24mo. pp. 156. London: W. E. Painter.

This little book is very full of statistics, and if they may be depended upon, must be very useful in forming a judgment on the various ecclesiastical questions now agitated. However, as they have been compiled with the avowed intention of proving how small in point of numbers the dissenters are, and thence deduces the little claim their demands have on the legislature, they should be very carefully examined before they are applied.

There is no appearance of exaggeration or mis-statement on the face of the accounts, but they are interlarded with a vehement expression of opinion that continually excites the reader's fears, lest one that feels so warmly should be a false witness, almost unconsciously.

The numerous details, and facts got together, are well worth the attention of all interested in the question, and there is not any book that contains so much in so small a space.

Children's Mission; or Great Works wrought by Weak Hands. Illustrated by Three Tales—The Lighthouse, the Incendiary, and Margaret Seaton's Victory. By George Waring, with Six Wood Engravings, from designs by Gilbert. Fcap. 8vo. pp. 250. London: Harvey and Darton.

These three tales are very pleasingly written, and convey excellent impressions to young readers. They are interesting, and prove the author to have a competent knowledge of the life he portrays.

The illustrations are very prettily designed and cleverly executed. Altogether it is a book that may be put into the hands of children, not only with safety, but with the greatest advantage. It is no peculiar praise to say that it is beautifully printed, and tastefully bound, for so is every book now that issues from a respectable publisher.

Novels, &c.

Massaniello. An Historical Romance. Edited by Horace Smith, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 932. London: H. Colburn.

This is a novel of a class that a few years since was exceedingly popular; but, which now has but few readers, and consequently few writers. The present specimen is not likely to re-introduce the fashion, for although it displays an accurate knowledge of its subject, and occasional powers of writing; yet it is deficient in that continuous interest that can alone give a permanent value.

There is every thing that should interest—popular tumults—individual achievements—perilous situations—daring efforts—and terrible excite-

ments,—still there is wanting that quality in the writer that can weave these materials into a powerful story that shall enchain the attention, and kindle the sympathies.

Massaniello is the most approaching to a strong delineation of character; though there are some traits in the portraiture of his wife Ursula, that seem to bespeak a greater power on the part of the author, if more carefully exerted.

As a graphic history of the events and times, it may be read with interest, but it would have been more judicious, had the author thrown his information into a volume of the Family Library or some such series. His capacities seem to be more suitable for biographical or semi-historical writing than for romance.

Percival Keene. By Captain Marryat. Author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 887. London: H. Colburn.

This novel is of that class that made Captain Marryat a popular writer. It is animated and interesting, portraying with great liveliness and accuracy, nautical manners and characteristics. The principal interest centres in the adventures of Percival Keene, the hero, whose mischievous frolics are related, with an enjoyment on the part of the author equal to the great originator of this class of writing, Smollett.

The story is nothing, and indeed is scarcely needed for the development of the author's peculiar abilities, the sketching a succession of humorous scenes and circumstances being his *forte*. The great fault of modern fiction is, that it seems manufactured for an immediate market; to be read by the devourers of such productions, and then to be sold off to the lower-priced readers, when it gradually drops out of circulation.

To elaborate character, and condense the experience of a life into a few volumes, can hardly be expected, when so much easier a process will make a work much more popular. This it is that gives to the present work and others of the same class a flimsiness, which is styled lightness. Fielding was four years writing Tom

Jones, and the consequence is that every page has a meaning, and the more deeply it is studied, the more profound appears the knowledge of human nature. The best recommendation, however, that can be given, for the publisher's sake, to Percival Keene, can be awarded honestly to it. It is very amusing and interesting, and gives a pleasant glow to the thoughts that is extremely agreeable.

Poetry, &c.

The Shepherd's Evening Tales. I. Ethelwolf. A Tale of the Olden Time. 8vo. pp. 102. London: R. Hastings.

A very threadbare excuse is put forth in the Preface to this work, for its defects, namely:—that of the author having other claims upon his time and attention. Now poetry is not to be put off in this way, although there is much illiberality in supposing that poets can do nothing else but write poetry. Plautus was a miller's man, and Mr. Rogers is a banker. It is certain, however, that poetry, truly deserving the name, must for the time absorb every faculty of the soul, and cannot be penned like a scrivener's deed, from nine o'clock to eleven every evening, after the shop or office has closed. Verse, and very fair sounding verse, may be so concocted; but as for the inspired line that is to thrill the "universal heart," it is a dew of a much richer distillation than such a faint perturbation of the soul can create.

The author of the present poem—like too many others, and some of them, by the way, for a time very popular writers,—mistakes verse for poetry, and thinks if a collection of words are not actual prose, they must be the opposite. The versification and style of the present tale is that of Scott's most popular poems, and had it appeared at a time when they were popular, it would have no doubt obtained much more attention than it is likely to do in an age that has at least a juster appreciation of what is true poetry.

There is considerable fluency, and no absolute absurdity of imagery; but there is also a total deficiency of

true melody, and a mediocrity of ideas and sentiments that forbids the laurel crown ever shading the brows of its author. The story, as the author states, "is deduced from facts, common to the least reader of English history;" and we cannot say that the dry bones of history are clothed with flesh and blood, or re-animated by that inspiration, which can alone shed charms on such a trite tale.

L. A. Senecæ et P. Lyric Mimi forsan et aliorum selecta sententiæ quas notis Illustratas, edidit Emanuel Swedenborg, ad fidem rarissimæ editionis principis, Anni 1709; denuo publici juris fecit et fragmenta nuper reperta adjecit, Dr. J. F. Emanuel Tafel, Regiæ Universitatis Tubergensis Bibliothecarius. 8vo. London: Newbery.

The labours of the indefatigable Dr. Tafel in editing the works of Swedenborg, and other literary publications, has been already noticed in this magazine. A short time ago we noticed his edition of Swedenborg's *Ludus Heliconius*, and we have here a republication of Swedenborg's other poetical works, a critical selection of the Latin proverbs of Seneca, and Publius Syrus, accompanied by the Greek version of Scaliger, and the annotations of Erasmus and others. When Swedenborg published this work, the preceeding editions of which have become very scarce, he was just twenty years old, and the critical illustrations which adorn his text are such as few scholars of his time could have written at so early an age, and which, probably, could not be excelled by the most mature of our cotemporaries.

Socrates: a Tragedy. By Francis Barham, Esq. 8vo. Painter.

This play, which first appeared in the pages of this magazine, and which has won the general approbation of the press, is now published in a separate form by Mr. Painter. It is an experiment worth trying, whether the elevated sentiment and gorgeous spectacle of the classical mythos would not at present excite greater astonishment and interest when represented on the stage, than dramas of the common school, with which

the public appear to have grown tired, *usque ad nauseam*.

The Elegies and Epic Poem of Tibullus.

Translated by Laurence Reynolds,
Author of a Poetical Translation of
Persius, &c. pp. 204. London: Saun-
ders and Otley.

This is a very pleasing and lively translation of the best Latin Elegist. We know not, however, whether Mr. Reynolds is quite right in preferring four lined verses to the common couplet adopted by his predecessors. However, his verses are better for music and singing, if any ladies are still romantic enough to sing the songs of Tibullus—which, by the by, are very lady-like and amatory. One of Tibullus's best hits, Mr. Reynolds translates as follows:—

How sweet, as on my bed I rest,
To hear the furious south-winds roar,
While closer to my happy breast
Clings the scared girl that I adore.

Politics and Statistics, &c.

Lectures on Female Prostitution; its Nature, Extent, Effects, Guilt, Causes and Remedy. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., delivered and published by special request. Post 8vo. pp. 164. Glasgow: Maclehose.

These lectures were both given and published at the request of some of the most influential inhabitants of Glasgow. The author seems to have been instigated to his inquiries by an enlightened philanthropy, and nothing but the most benevolent sympathy with the wretchedness of the unfortunate class of whom treats, could have induced him to undergo the labour and extreme annoyances to which he must have been subjected.

There are four lectures, divided in the following manner:—1. The nature and extent of prostitution; 2. The effects of prostitution; 3. The guilt and causes of prostitution; 4. The means of prevention, mitigation, and removal. The facts thus arranged are collected from a variety of sources—the author's personal observations, the statistics of the locality in which he resides, and a full and searching intimacy with all that has been written on the subject.

It is a besetting defect of most

works on this subject, to exaggerate the evil they deplore: and to overlay it with a "fatal facility" of words that raises the suspicions of the reasoning reader, as to the truth of the whole statement. There is no tendency, at all events, to exaggeration in Dr. Wardlaw's book, and the statistics of the matter are rigidly sifted, and dispassionately placed before the reader. There is, however, in the style, a little of that rhetorical flourish, and running to climaxes, which seems inseparable from public lecturing. This is so slight a blemish upon so excellent a work, that it would have been unnecessary to notice it, had its omission not have made the notice appear an indiscriminating eulogy.

Dr. Wardlaw, as all theological students and readers are aware, is the author of several works on divinity, that have reached many editions.

Religious Subjects, &c.

Apostolical Christianity, or the People's Antidote against Romanism and Puseyism. By the Rev. James Godkin, Author of "A Guide from the Church of Rome to the Church of Christ." 8vo. pp. 400. London: Snow.

This work is written in what professes to be the apostolical spirit, and appears to be practical and valuable. We conceive, however, that Mr. Godkin might have taken a more generous view of Romanism, or at least of Puseyism, than he has done. He might have supposed that Romanism possessed some great excellencies as well as great defects. He might have shown that many of the grandest doctrines, and practices of Christianity, are still inseparably blended with this same Romanism. There is a soul of goodness in things evil, which, to use the words of Burke, "keeps alive even in the bosom of servitude itself, the spirit of the most exalted freedom." He might have shown that this same Romanism was for centuries efficacious in conducting the souls of men to the living streams of salvation—and preserving all Europe in the elements of piety and civilization. Let us look, then, at the

bright, as well as at the black side of the ecclesiastical history. We deny not there is a black side—horribly, diabolically black—but we deny the fairness or policy—except in matters of mere *ex parte* pleading of viewing one side only; so again with Puseyism. Our author does not seem to see or allow the bright side of Puseyism; he does not state that Puseyism, as it is called, has been a means of reviving an earnest religionism in the minds of a multitude of British clergymen, who were before slumbering, like Jonah in the midst of the sea, to the sound of the roaring breakers. He does not allow that this recent developement of the high church principle, under the name of Puseyism, has immensely strengthened the noblest national church in existence; that it has made a multitude of careless worldlings zealously affected to that doctrine and discipline of the church, which, if duly maintained, will secure the salvation of their souls. The author takes precisely the counter argument, and warns us to avoid all Puseyism as an almost unmixed peril. Yet Mr. Godkin's book is, as we before said, a valuable work,—it abounds in information respecting the different branches of the great Roman Catholic controversy, very clearly and graphically stated.

The following passage from the Introduction is a favourable specimen of the style of the work:—

“The Church of Rome it will be said is changed. She is imbibing the spirit of the times, and is shaking off the customs of the dark ages. Many of her people it is true are doing so; but let not Protestants be deceived by appearances. It is a part of the very nature of the Roman Church to hate liberty, her whole history proves this; she is indeed accommodating herself to the popular movement, in order to control it, and make it subservient to her own interest. See how fondly she would hug the Tory Puseyites, clasping them with one arm, and the Spanish Monks with the other. Her spiritual tariff may avail as long as there is prejudice to sustain it, but prejudice is yielding to knowledge in every part of the world.”

For ourselves, we still love to cherish the old syncretic view of Erasmus and Grotius; we like to consider Romanism, and Puseyism, and all other isms, as composite wheels, consisting both of good and evil, which have been framed and appointed by God himself, because he saw them necessary to regulate the great clockwork of the universe. It was for their good not their evil they were appointed; it is by their good, not their evil, they stand and consist. In this doctrine we agree with the optimism of Leibnitz, and that of Thomas Carlyle. It is a doctrine, however, few yet understand or appreciate.

A Commentary on the Bible, with the Sacred Text at large. By Robert Hawker, D.D., late Vicar of Charles, Plymouth. A new edition, Corrected from the former, with the Author's final Amendments. 4to. London: Spettigue, Chancery Lane; Sherwood and Co. Paternoster Row.

The former editions of Dr. Hawker's very pious and popular comment on the Bible having been exhausted by a rapid and extensive sale, Mr. Spettigue has been induced to publish this 4to. edition in cheap monthly parts. The appearance of the work, and its style of execution, are highly creditable to him, and it will doubtless command the attention, not only of the Hawkerians, a large and energetic denomination, but the evangelical world in general, of which Dr. Hawker was so long an ornament and a favourite. This valuable national work has already reached the 6th number.

Dodd's Church History of England, with Notes, Additions, and a continuation by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.R.S. 8vo. Vol. 4. London: Dolman.

Dodd's Church History of England is a truly valuable national work, and Mr. Tierney has on the whole fulfilled his labours as editor in a very creditable manner. The former volumes have been already noticed in this magazine. This 4th comprises the history of James I. Dodd's History, like Lingard's, is written altogether on the Roman Catholic

side of the question ; yet, for a one-sided book, it is exceedingly bland and candid. The student who would gain a fair view of the ecclesiastical history of Great Britain must read Dodd as well as Collier, Fuller, and Burnet, otherwise he will be much deceived.

Morning and Evening Services for Every Day in the Week, for the Use of Families. By Walter Kerr Hamilton. 8vo. pp. 300. Oxford : Graham.

This is a valuable family liturgy, written much in the spirit and style of the Book of Common Prayer. It mainly consists of brief affirmations and responses, which the author has selected from Scripture, and the fathers. We conceive that this book will conduce to a more cheerful and interesting kind of family devotion than that usually obtained from family prayer books.

The Modern Pulpit viewed in its Relation to the State of Society. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. 8vo. pp. 204. London : Jackson and Walford.

This is an important work on an important subject. Dr. Vaughan has established a considerable reputation among the dissenters, and we are glad to see him supporting it so creditably. In this publication (in the preface of which he states that the Independent Congregationalists are multiplying their colleges very prosperously) he views the pulpit as the noblest organ of religious improvement. He argues nearly as Channing does, that the pulpit being so potent an engine of good or evil, should be most carefully adapted to the real wants and requirements of the age, and not merely keep pace with but lead the rapid developments of human intelligence amid these perilous revolutions of society. The treatise is written in that candid spirit we ever advocate, and is far more free than some of our author's other publications from sectarian one-sidedness.

The Youthful Christian : containing Instructions, Counsels, Cautions, and Examples. By J. Burns. 12mo. pp. 170. London : Houlston and Stoneman.

Mr. Burns seems to remember with

peculiar tenacity St. Paul's text, "Let all things be done to the use of edifying." Practical edification of his readers he aims at as stedfastly as the American writer, Abbot. Though this work is not so full of interesting anecdote as his previous publication, entitled "Youthful Piety," it is yet a serviceable addition to Christian literature, and is well fitted as a present book for young people. In the course of it he sketches the character of Sir Isaac Newton, Beveridge, Baxter, Gill, Doddridge, and a great "cloud of witnesses" of the truth of evangelical religion.

Roman Forgeries and Falsifications : or an Examination of Counterfeit and Corrupted Records, with especial Reference to Popery. By the Rev. Richard Gibbins. Part I, 8vo. pp. 141. Dublin : Grant and Bolton.

This is a book of the good old learned order—one which appears to us perfectly refreshing after the shallow up-start publications that are continually coming before us. It does Mr. Gibbins's scholarship very great credit ; for his accuracy and research are peculiarly conspicuous throughout. He does not appear to us, however, to evince the fact so clearly as he might have done, that the documents of the Church, (even of the Roman Church,) are for the main part authentic, and that the errors or impostures are comparatively a few exceptions. The book is written in the spirit of a special pleader, making a regular *exposé* of the weak points of his antagonist. Yet it is not the less valuable for this reason ; for as the Romanists have exhibited Protestant variations, the Protestants in turn should exhibit theirs, and the defects of their literature should be rendered as manifest as the defects of ours. Mr. Gibbins endeavours to prove, (in the words of an old writer) that "the chiefest advantage of our Romish adversaries doth consist in falsifications ; that they are compelled to forge authors, to impose false expositions on the texts of the Fathers, sometimes to abridge, sometimes to enlarge, the tomes of Councils, and to purge and corrade ecclesiastical writers, old and new."

The four essays on spuriousities contained in this volume relate, 1. to the Epistles said to have passed between Christ and Alivarus; 2. Epistles of the Virgin Mary to Ignatius and others; 3. The Apostolical Canons; 4. The Apostolical Constitutions

Importunate Prayer encouraged by the Example of Christ on the Cross. By the Rev. John Stevenson. 16mo. pp. 126. Islington: Jackson.

We are glad to see the success of this little work, which has become popular. The subject is most important; for prayer appears to be the vital element of religion and the medium of all blessings. This little treatise is written in the purest strain of evangelical piety, and is so simple that every child may understand it.

Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy. By M. Stuart, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. 8vo. pp. 145. Andover: Allen.

This is a bold attempt, by the well known scholar Moses Stuart, to restore the system of literal hermeneutics, or interpretations in reference to Scripture prophecies. He conceives that these prophecies were fulfilled, or have yet to be so, in their strict and definite sense; and he makes war against what is called the double or mystical sense of prophecy advocated by Newton, Faber, Hales, &c. He objects, therefore, to the usually received application of the 1260 years to the Romanists, the Mahometans, the Illuminati, &c. and thinks they referred to the earlier history of the Church in her contests with the heathens. He is considerably facetious against those who apply prophetic dates to recent events; and laughs at Bengel, who predicted, with a grand flourish of trumpets, that the millennium was to begin in 1836. According to Moses Stuart, "it will come when all Christians come up to the standard of duty in their efforts to diffuse among the nations of the earth the knowledge of salvation."

Sermons by John Cawood, M.A., of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of Bewdley, Worcestershire.

In 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 850. London: Hamilton and Adams.

These two beautifully printed volumes are valuable additions to pulpit literature. They have no preface; but the long list of subscribers prefixed announces the esteem in which Mr. Cawood is held by a large body of religionists. The sermons themselves appear to us full of power and point; and yet the most learned sentiments of orthodoxy are herein conveyed in such simple language, that while they are fitted for episcopal indoctrination, they are scarcely less adapted for a rural congregation or family devotion. In this last relation these 54 sermons will be highly acceptable to the public; for the heads of Christian families are often at a loss for a series of sermons sufficiently interesting and familiar to enlighten and fascinate their children and their servants. Of the definite and forcible style of these sermons we can hardly give a better instance than the opening sentence of the first discourse—on the old and new creation. It runs as follows:—"The Bible is like the sun—it giveth light. The sun gives light to the world of matter—the Bible gives light to the world of mind. The mental world without the Bible would be like the material world without the sun. The material world without the sun would be in darkness—the mental world without the Bible would be in ignorance. Without the Bible we could know neither our origin nor our end. But the Bible gives us light—it affords us knowledge, no where else to be found, and simply but sublimely tells us how man and all things were at first created. The world was not from Eternity, but had a beginning, and that beginning was from God. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The Trinity in Unity was the Creator of all things. This we learn from the first verse in the Bible; God created—Elohim created—the Gods created. The plural term for the Creator God is united with a singular verb."

This passage is excellent. From the concluding critical remark we, however, beg leave to differ. Not that

we doubt the doctrine Mr. Cawood would enforce, but his Hebrew scholarship. We assert, that wherever the word Elohim or Aleim is joined to a singular verb, it is never a plural noun, but a compound noun, namely, Al-Eim—God the Essential. On the other hand, wherever Aleim occurs as one word, and signifies Gods in the plural, it is joined to a verb in the plural. We have no room to corroborate this statement here, but are quite ready to enter the lists with any scholar in defence of it.

In a sort of pungency and causticity of sense, and a vehement terseness of ratiocination, these sermons of Mr. Cawood occasionally remind us of those of Robert Hall—that prince of modern preachers. And, by the by, it may be interesting to our readers to be informed that about 50 sermons of Hall, never before published, but taken down in notes by the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, are likely soon to make their appearance as a valuable supplement to Hall's collected works.

The Conciliator of Manasseh Ben Israel, a Reconciliation of the Apparent Contradictions of Holy Scripture. Translated by E. H. Lindo. London: 1842. 2 vols.

Mr. Lindo has done himself much credit, and rendered much service to literature, by this able translation. Manasseh, of whom the present volume contains an etching by Rembrandt, was a Portuguese Jew, born at Lisbon in the year 1605, and was the most learned and voluminous author among the Israelites of his age. He was a particular friend of Hugo Grotius, and was greatly admired by our Cromwell, who, after perusing his plea for the Jews, granted them some considerable political privileges in this country. He was likewise dear to Moses Mendelssohn, who translated some of his works into German. When of late the Jews of Damascus were accused of offering human sacrifices, the *Times* newspaper printed four columns of Manasseh, in which he shows the falseness of such charges, which have often been brought against the Hebrews by the jealousy of the Christians. One of the best of Chaucer's Canter-

bury Tales (the Prioress's, if we remember aright), is founded on this tradition.

Apostolical Succession, Every thing else, and a Few things beside. By Mr. Bayle. 8vo. pp. 94. London: Strange. Oxford: Vincent. Penzance: Roddla. 1842.

It seems that the Puseyan doctrines respecting the Apostolical succession have extended even to Penzance, the last town in the West of England, and put the innocent natives into a great state of excitement. A war of pamphlets and newspaper squibs ensued, among which the present publication is *facile princeps*. This pamphlet is written in a vein of keen yet playful irony, which is said to have considerably amused certain dignities of the Episcopal Bench. Mr. Bayle, under pretence of praising the Evangelicals and Dissenters, treats them to a regular bastinado ninety-four pages long.

Scientific.

Animal Magnetism; its History to the Present Time; with a brief Account of the Life of Mesmer. 12mo. By a Surgeon. London: Dyer.

This little sketch of Mesmerism will well repay perusal. It is written by a medical gentleman who wishes to be perfectly fair in his statement, and he is so, for he states both sides of the argument with most eclectic impartiality. To do the doctors justice, they retain more of the *audi alteram partem* spirit than the lawyers and the clergy, who are both of them considerably perplexed just at present with party contests. The author of this manual touches very briefly on the more ancient history of animal magnetism, and then hastens to describe its progress under Mesmer's superintendence. He records one splendid joke of Mesmer's, whether he intended it for a joke or not. Mesmer recommended a physician to bathe his patient in water which had been exposed to the sun's rays, and to use river water in preference to spring water. I know (replied the physician) that river water is sometimes warmed by the sun, but not so much that you are

not frequently obliged to warm it still more, and therefore I do not see why warm spring water should not be preferable. Dear Doctor, (answered Mesmer,) the cause why all the water which is exposed to the rays of the sun is superior to all other water is because it is magnetized; twenty years ago I magnetised the sun, &c. &c.

Sporting, &c.

The Life of a Sportsman. By Nimrod. With Thirty-six Illustrations. By Henry Alken. Royal 8vo. pp. 402. London: Rudolph Ackermann.

The well known and clever author of this book has here undertaken a task which the pursuits of his whole life well qualify him for. He is amongst the few gentlemen who have been able equally to distinguish themselves in the field as in the study, and who can at the same time come in at the death, and with their pen delineate it to the life.

The story, we are told, is half true, half fictitious; and the design of the author has been not merely to depict the life of a sportsman, but to portray the character of an English gentleman attached to the sports and pastimes of the country. In order to do this, he gives us the sporting adventures of a younger brother, whose career he traces from rat-catching to Melton Mowbray,—the two extremes, as it appears, of a sportsman's existence.

The narrative thus embraces a view of all the sports now so ardently pursued by English Gentlemen. The experience and varied knowledge of the author have consequently ample "room and verge" for display. And any one perusing it carefully will pick up not only a very fair knowledge of the respective sports, but many new hints and original bits of information. The extensive acquaintance of the author with all the prominent sporting characters enables him to delineate, in numerous clever sketches, their various characteristics; and to introduce innumerable anecdotes.—Altogether the book is one which it would seem that every old sportsman will have to refresh his memory of

the days that are gone, and every young one to prepare him for those that are to come.

The story is interesting, the characters well delineated, and the sentiments and morals of healthy and sound tone. It is profusely illustrated with coloured engravings, after drawings by Alken, which, though not exactly such as an artist might approve of, are exceedingly well suited to those who merely look for a likeness to the things represented.

Topography.

An Historical and Statistical Account of the Isle of Man, from the Earliest Times to the Promulgation of the Tithe Communication Act in 1839, with a View of its Ancient Laws, peculiar Customs, and popular Superstitions. By Joseph Train, F.S.A., Scot. Part I. 8vo. pp. 186. Douglas, Isle of Man: J. Quiggin. London: Whittaker & Co.

This is the first portion of a very interesting though minute portion of the kingdom. It is to be completed in four parts, and is illustrated by an excellent map and some plates.

The Early History is curious, and seems to comprise all that can be gathered on the subject. The work, from its antiquarian character, will not only be acceptable to the intelligent inhabitant of the island, but to the lovers of history and antiquities, wherever they reside.

Travels, &c.

Newfoundland in 1842. A Sequel to "The Canadas in 1841." By Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Knight, Lieut.-Colonel in the Corps of Royal Engineers. In 2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 720. London: H. Colburn.

These volumes are more pretending than those lately published by Mr. Jukes,—his work being the personal narrative of certain attempts to penetrate into the interior, and giving a lively and graphic account of all the author said and collected, yet not attempting that elaborate history and estimate of the country and its inhabitants that the present does. Still in scientific research Mr. Jukes may be considered an au-

thority, and Sir Richard accordingly quotes him as such.

The contents of this work will give an idea of its character, it being very elaborately divided. Part 1. Political and General History, 70 pages; Part 2. Natural History, 210 pages; Part 3. Physical History, 37 pages; Part 4. Moral History, 154 pages; Part 5. Political Economy, 57 pages; Part 6. Modern Geography, and Topography, 65 pages. With an Appendix containing some very interesting documents as to the discovery and early history of the island. There are also some pretty illustrations, and an excellent map.

The style is clear, though there is a little tendency to grandiloquence about it, and occasionally a stiffness that seems to betray the effect of military training. The quantity of information collected and condensed, renders it extremely valuable to all interested in the colony, and to the general reader as opening an almost new region of observation, both as regards society and physical nature.

Both works must do good, and tend to excite an interest about a country which Sir Richard asserts is capable of becoming a good receptacle for the settler, and which is very important as connected with Canada. Mr. Jukes' account gives a much more dreary impression of this land of morasses and rocks, than Sir Richard's; the latter affirming that both the soil and the trade may be much improved by care and industry.

Eight Weeks in Germany; comprising Narratives, Descriptions, and Directions for Economical Tourists. By The Pedestrian. Fcap 8vo. pp. 384. Edinburgh: White and Co.

This work is the production of one who merely relates the actual experiences that have befallen him in his excursions, and in so far is exceedingly valuable to those who desire to pursue the same mode of making themselves acquainted with foreign lands.

The Pedestrian seems to be a manly fellow, endued with a sound mind in a sound body, but in whom the bump of locomotion is strongly developed. Judging from his *brusque* mode of writ-

ing, and his disregard of appearances, he does not seem to be a very highly cultivated individual; but whatever he may be personally, he has produced a very useful book for that numerous class of men who are anxious to see the Father-land of Goethe and Grimm.

The expenses of travelling are accurately and clearly detailed, and a concise account of all that the class he more particularly appeals to would desire to see. There is also a great deal of very excellent advice as to the conduct of the traveller, extending even to points of dress, and contracts with "foreign cabmen." It can hardly be imagined that the book contains the result of "Eight Weeks on the Continent;" but is rather the production of an old and shrewd traveller, who thus points out how much may be performed in that time.

Works of Utility, &c.

Ryde's Pocket Companion and Ready Reckoner, peculiarly adapted to Land Surveyors, Land and Timber Valuers, Country Gentlemen, Farmers, and Stewards; containing the solid Content of any Piece of Timber, the superficial Content of thatching, slating, boarding, &c., &c. By Edward Ryde, Land and Timber Surveyor, Sunbury. 18mo. pp. 248. London: S. Gilbert.

This is a very useful collection of tables for calculating the results of any of the admeasurements required in country work; such as the measuring of land, and any of the operations connected with building and farming. There are also added some convenient tables for valuing estates, which must be the result of great patience, as they appear to be all new, and to have been calculated by the author specially for the work; and many of them are not, as far as we know, to be found in any other publication.

Elements of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters. By the Rev. Robt. Bland. The Sixteenth Edition. 12mo. pp. 188. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

This is a reprint of one of the most popular school books of the day. It has been from time to time carefully

re-edited, and many improvements introduced upon the original work.

The Rudiments of Greek Grammar as used in the College at Eton; with the quantity of the Latin and Greek Penultimate Vowels, on which the pronunciation depends; and Explanatory Notes in English, intended to combine the advantages of Modern Grammars with the justly-esteemed and well-established Eton plan. Edited by The Rev. J. Bosworth, D. D., F. R. S., &c. Fourth Edition. 12mo. pp. 166.

This is a reprint of a school-book fastly increasing in circulation, and by its notes and improvements well deserving the popularity it has attained.

Eighth Annual Report of the Poor Law Commissioners, with Appendices. 8vo. pp. 750. Charles Knight.

This bulky 8vo. is a decided improvement on the former Reports of the Commissioners,—it is more readable and intelligible. In looking over it, we have been led to entertain more cheering views of the amelioration of our workhouse system than many of our cotemporaries. The Commissioners, as appears by their Report, are at length discovering the importance of what is called the work or labour test, on the Pauline principle, “if any man refuses to work, neither let him eat,” in itself a vast improvement in pauper economy.

The statement of the Commissioners occupies 66 pages, the rest of the volume consisting of illustrative documents. In page 21 the Commissioners say very discreetly, “The most obvious and generally applicable rule is the exaction of labour in return for relief, without the reception of the persons relieved into the workhouse. The Commissioners have always recommended a resort to this work or labour test where the workhouse test could not be employed.”

It appears that in Ireland the poor-house system has been very advantageously connected with agricultural societies, according to the rules of industrial economy.

In page 64, the Commissioners

say, “As an additional proof of the improvements which are now in progress in Ireland, we may refer to the establishment of societies in several of the unions for the purpose of diffusing information on the subject of agriculture, and exciting a spirit of emulation among the farmers, and inducing them to adopt improved methods of cultivation.”

A Hebrew-English, English-Hebrew Dictionary. By Selig Newman. 8vo. London: Longman.

This is the completest of all our Hebrew dictionaries. In the first part all Hebrew words are translated into English; in the second all English words are translated into Hebrew, and that with surprising accuracy. This work and Joseph's English and Hebrew Lexicon are indispensable to the Hebrew scholar.

The Diurnal Recorder, and Diary of Obligations, Engagements, and Events, with an Almanack, and a variety of other important and useful information for 1843. Various sizes. London: Longman and Co.

This series of Diaries contain very extensive and useful improvements upon the class of works to which they belong, preserving all the valuable features of the old Diaries, and substituting for the less useful portions of *their* contents a mass of information of the highest utility, arranged with much skill and very judiciously selected, omitting nothing in the least degree material; yet, without the introduction of any thing superfluous. It has long been proverbial that Diaries are amongst the most popular publications, and there certainly is no difficulty in accounting for this, as the following observations of the compiler in his preface have very evidently shown:—“From the humblest mechanic to the most dignified public functionary, every man in England gives hourly proof how much he feels that his existence depends upon being up to his time; and, therefore, a record of engagements has become a necessary of life, while a journal of by-gone transactions is scarcely less important; for it has passed into a proverb, that the

trustiest guide to the future, is a clear and exact view of the past."

We have examined this series of Diaries with considerable attention, and have found them fully to realise the undertakings and professions which are set forth in their preface; for they are truly a set of books for all sorts and conditions of men. They are suited for the accounts and undertakings of the tradesman, the affairs of the commercial traveller, the notes of the physician, the memoranda of the lawyer, the regimental business of the adjutant or the paymaster, the parochial concerns of the rector and churchwarden, the official routine of the public servant, the record of any series of studies or transactions, the professional arrangements of all who have money to make, and the pleasurable engagements of all who have money to spend. It is, moreover, a most convenient hand book of reference upon all matters of ordinary occurrence, such as stamps, taxes, customs, funds, banking, and post office regulations, railroads, fairs, tides, and public holidays, terms, circuits, &c. After the most careful perusal of their contents, we believe it will be found that they are deficient in no good quality by which works of this class ought to be distinguished, and are extended by several striking and original improvements.

Ranke's History of the Popes, their Church and State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, translated from the last edition of the German, by Walter K. Kelly, Esq. B. A. Part II. Popular Library. London,

Whittaker and Co. Royal 8vo. pp. 160.

The two parts of this translation now published comprise the entire text of the original, leaving for the next, and we presume concluding part, the illustrative matter and the critical disquisitions, which the author has thrown together in the form of an Appendix. Having on the appearance of Part I. offered our tribute of praise to Ranke's admirable labours, and borne testimony to the very creditable manner in which their result has been made accessible to all classes of English readers by the present edition, we need but say of Part II. that it is fully entitled to the same measure of encomium as that elicited from us by its predecessor. We have noticed, as a distinctive feature of this edition, that the extracts from original authorities given in the foot notes, if their contents do not happen to be inserted in the text, are invariably accompanied by translations. How useful this must be to the majority of readers, will be manifest when we state, that of the extracts thus translated, the far greater part are in various dialects of Italian, and the rest either French, Spanish, Latin, or Low German.

The work is, indeed, a truly valuable addition to the libraries of that large reading class who are compelled to study economy; and those who do not will find it a handsome as well as a cheap book.

We earnestly hope the same judicious course will be pursued with respect to the Appendix, where it is still more imperatively called for.